Business Sense in City Management. By Mayor Thos. G. Hayes of Baltimore

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Volume 173, No. 16 — *Philadelphia, October 20, 1900* — Five Cents the Copy

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 424 ARCH STREET

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

Copyright, 1900, by The Curtis Publishing Company

At *the* Court *of* the Corsican

By

Henry Harland

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

At the Court of the Corsican

(A FRAGMENT FROM THE UNPUBLISHED MEMOIRS OF PAUL-MARIE, TENTH AND LAST DUC DE PONTACQ, BORN 1782, DIED 1873)

By Henry Harland

Author of The Cardinal's Snuff Box

Upon which, quite forgetting the bows and curtsies that were expected of us, my mother and I could do nothing better than break into helpless laughter

YOU ask me, my children, to set down in writing an account (with which, I am afraid, I have sometimes wearied you by word of mouth) of my first meeting with the Man-Monster, as we used to call him—of my presentation at the court of Bonaparte. But that incident, as you are aware, though the prologue of one drama, was the epilogue of another: of the comedy, indeed, whereby my father, from the staunchest of Royalists, had been converted into a zealous partisan of the Empire.

Believe me, in those days such conversions were not rare. It was Bonaparte's great desire to effect them—to conciliate the old Noblesse and attract men of birth to his circle; and what Bonaparte greatly desired he seldom neglected to accomplish. "Short of flattery, there is nothing like rhetoric for throwing dust in French eyes," was his candid maxim. He threw dust in my father's eyes with a lavish hand; of flattery and rhetoric both he was unsparing. But besides these cunning instruments of deception, besides the plausible and ever-ready menace of a Jacobin uprising, which he alone could cope with, besides the compelling influence of his prodigious personality, Bonaparte had material benefits at his command; and my father was by no means the only returned emigrant who had grown heartily tired of poverty.

At any rate, there came a day when he ceased to talk of "the Corsican usurper," and talked of "the Emperor"; and then a day when the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, which had been "a crime, bloodthirsty and perfidious," was explained and justified as "an unhappy political necessity"; and then a day when we were warned that, "if the Emperor should abdicate his throne to-morrow, we should witness, not the restoration of the Bourbons, but a revival of the Terror"; and, last of all, a day when, with a little air of defiance perhaps, my father announced to us that he had accepted the charge of Grand Master of the Precedencies at the Imperial Court.

My mother looked at him, dismayed, incredulous. "You will serve Bonaparte?" she cried.

"I will serve France," said he, "in serving the man who is indispensable to her welfare. And I will lift my family out of the mire of want. I shall receive a dotation of a hundred thousand francs, and a salary of forty thousand francs a year. And as for the Emperor, to give you a little insight into the nobility of his character, look at this."

From the inner pocket of his coat he produced a folded sheet of parchment. It was a deed, restoring to him our house in the Rue Saint-Dominique, which, together with our lands at Pontacq and Castelfranc, had, of course, been sequestrated and sold by the Republic. These latter, also, my father added, the Emperor held out hopes of being able to recover for him in the future.

"I can never look the world in the face again if you accept service under Bonaparte," my mother said.

"My dear, the Pope himself is coming to Paris, to crown and consecrate him. Who are we, to stand off from one the Pope sees fit to consecrate? I appeal to the abbé," my father exclaimed.

But the abbé—our old chaplain, my old tutor, the Abbé Lesimple, who had shared our emigration with us, and all our vicissitudes of fortune—the abbé took a big pinch of snuff, shook his head ambiguously, and smiled, without speaking.

My recollection of the weeks that immediately followed has always been a vivid recollection; but if I should wish to render it for a moment more vivid still, if I should wish to project it before me in a sort of actual tableau, I could do so instantly by just breathing a certain smell—the sufficiently unpoetic smell of paint. We removed at once from our narrow lodgings in the Rue du Dragon to the Hôtel de Pontacq-Castelfranc; but, under its republican proprietors, the house had fallen into considerable disrepair, and for some time we were beset by workmen—carpenters, plasterers, painters—everywhere, painters. And always since then the smell of paint has had the power to bring back to me, with wonderful intensity, the whole spirit and business of those early weeks of our new prosperity.

No small part of that business, by the bye, was transacted with dressmakers and tailors. Thirteen years of privation had not left our wardrobe without traces of their ravage. But now we appeared from day to day in ever finer feather. Even the Abbé Lesimple discarded his old cassock for a fresh one. And as for myself, I shall never forget the glow I experienced in putting on, for the first time since my childhood, clothing of which I was not more or less ashamed. Indeed, I am afraid—perhaps a certain vanity may be pardoned to two-and-twenty?—I am afraid I took divers unnecessary walks abroad, for the sheer pleasure of airing myself in my handsome new habiliments.

The handsomest of these, however, was not one that I could wear in the streets. It had been prepared, with an infinite consideration, with numberless remeasurements and retrials, for a ceremony which, in the circumstances, had become inevitable—yes, the ceremony you have asked me to describe, the ceremony of my presentation. A coat of dark-blue velvet with gold buttons, a white satin waistcoat trimmed with gold lace, breeches of white casimire, white silk stockings, shoes with silver buckles, a court-sword, a gold-laced cocked-hat—oh, I will not deny, it was a thrilling moment when I first donned these fineries and paraded before the glass!

We were to be presented, my mother and I together, on the evening of the third of November. We looked forward to the event with various emotions. My mother, a Duchess of France, who had taken her tabouret and received the honors of her rank at the court of Marie-Antoinette, could scarcely relish the prospect of curtsying to Madame Bonaparte; but, as the wife of the Grand Master of the Precedencies, she must, of course, needs do so. For my part, I confess, I was extremely curious to see with my own eyes the amazing man who, from an obscure sub-lieutenant of artillery, had contrived to impose himself upon France as her autocrat, upon Europe as the most formidable of her crowned heads; yet, at the same time, having heard more tales than a few of his extraordinary rudeness, I shrank from an encounter in which I should enjoy every opportunity of getting a specimen of it for myself.

"They say he has an unpleasant habit of pulling people's ears," I mentioned to my father.

"He has never pulled mine," my father answered, laughing, "and I don't think he will pull yours. The Emperor knows who is who. He may pull the ears of his parvenu soldiers. He will not pull the ears of a Prince of the house of Pontacq."

"They say, also," put in my mother, "that he has the habit of asking impertinent questions. What is one to do if he asks impertinent questions?"

"My dear Hortense," my father protested, "the attitude you assume toward the Emperor, you and Paul too, seems to me the height of ingratitude. We owe the very roof over our heads to his liberality; and yet, when you are about to meet him, you can think only of the absurd tittle-tattle invented by the malcontents of the Faubourg Saint-Germain."

"We owe him nothing!" my mother cried. "He is a thousand times our debtor. He is a man whose fortune has been made by the calamities that ruined us. It is he who has reaped the spoils of the revolution. The receiver of stolen goods is merely a second thief. This thief restores to us the hundredth part of that of which we have been robbed, and keeps the rest. And then we are expected to be grateful!"

"Well, well," said my father, "the hundredth part is better than nothing. And the utmost I require of you is that, whatever your inner sentiments may be, you shape your outer conduct with discretion. The Emperor will ask you no questions save those that any sovereign might ask of any subject presented at his court."

"It is one thing," my mother reflected, "to be questioned by your King, who is your sovereign by divine right. It is quite another to stand up and submit to be cross-examined by a self-made Corsican, who, if people had their dues, would never aspire to so much as a bowing acquaintance with you."

"In any case," said my father, "to what purpose all this discussion? The situation sums itself up in two words—needs must."

We were to be presented on the evening of November 3rd. On the evening of the 2nd my father attempted to put us through a little rehearsal of the function.

"I am the Emperor," he said. "The abbé must be so good as to represent my chamberlains. You, Paul, stand here, your mother next to you—so. Imagine some dozen others in a line at either side. Now the abbé and I will leave the room. Then the doors are thrown open, and the ushers of the presence—the abbé must also represent the ushers of the presence—the ushers cry out, 'The Emperor! The Emperor!' Thereupon I enter, attended by my chamberlains and the grand officers of the crown, and followed by the Empress and her suite. You, Paul, make a court bow. You, Hortense, curtsy. Then you wait till I approach to speak to you, when again you bow and curtsy. Now we will begin."

He and the abbé left the room, closing the door behind them. But next moment the door was reopened, and the abbé's somewhat thin and high old voice piped up, "The Emperor! The Emperor!"

Upon which, quite forgetting the bows and curtsies that were expected of us, my mother and I could do nothing better than break into helpless laughter.

"Oh, you mustn't laugh," my father remonstrated, coming back and holding up his hands. "It is most important that you should go through with the rehearsal seriously. We will recommence."

But again, when the abbé, in a sort of shrill croak, proclaimed, "The Emperor!" we fell a-giggling; and when my father appeared, strutting forward with a quick, stiff gait, as unlike his natural one as you can fancy—the abbé, behind him, trying rather vaguely to personate the chamberlains and the grand officers of the crown—again we could only laugh incontinently.

My father, with passion, exhorted us to be sober; but it was impossible.

"Does—does your Emperor really walk like that?" my mother gasped.

My father himself could not help smiling, and the rehearsal was abandoned.

And then the night and the morrow slipped away, and the hour of our presentation was upon us.

I close my eyes, and silently, clearly, in the pale light of an old man's memory, the events of that far-distant November evening reënact themselves before me. I remember it was a cold evening, bright and hard, with all the stars shining their steadiest. I remember how, when we had got into our big new carriage, in our courtyard, the Abbé Lesimple stood at the carriage door, bareheaded, his white hair gleaming in the light of the carriage lamps, and wished us good-night and good luck. I remember the very smell inside our carriage—a smell of leather, and a faint, sweetish smell of newly-dried lacquer. And I remember how, as we drove along the riverside, and across the bridge, to the Tuileries, we scarcely spoke, but gazed absently out of the windows into the darkness of the night—our hearts fluttering, no doubt, our minds busy with anticipations and misgivings. Then we rumbled under an archway, rattled over the stone pavement of the Place du Carrousel, and drew up at the great east entrance of the palace, all ablaze with torches, where guards were stationed. And my father, resplendent in his official red velvet and silver lace, led us up the scarlet-carpeted grand-staircase to the audience-chamber.

This was a vast and lofty room, lighted by innumerable candles in crystal chandeliers; its windows covered by heavy crimson curtains, with fringes and tassels of gold; its floor waxed and polished, so that it glistened like a wet surface; its high walls divided into panels, and decorated, in gilt relief on gray, with garlands of leaves and flowers, and with imperial emblems—eagles, fasces, clusters of spears, the Napoleonic N, and the Napoleonic bee. In a fireplace at either end burned a huge fire of logs, making the room uncomfortably hot.

Perhaps a score of people were already assembled here—men in uniform, or in dark coats and white breeches, like my own; women (mostly young women, and pretty, or at least graceful, with the grace that Frenchwomen seldom lack) in the pretty costumes of the period, high-waisted frocks of clinging, soft-colored silk, their arms and shoulders uncovered, their hair piled in coils upon their heads, confined by fillets and intertwined with gems.

The scene was a brilliant one; but instantly, I think, you would have been struck by something singular in it, something incongruous: by a chill, a shadow, by an air of constraint, of unrest, by an air of gloom almost, that brooded on it. The faces of these gayly-dressed people, their attitudes, their uneasy motions, their silence (for they spoke not at all, or only from time to time in brief, hurried whispers), seemed to betoken some sort of nervous anxiety, apprehensiveness, as if a danger were impending, as if each of them were oppressed by the dread of a personal mischance. This, indeed (as I learned soon enough), was the usual aspect of Bonaparte's court when Bonaparte's presence was imminent; but a newcomer could scarcely have failed to be struck by it.

Upon our advent they all looked at us, looked curiously at us, and exchanged glances among themselves—but always in silence, always with their mien of nervous preoccupation. As my mother said afterward, they looked at us with the eyes of captives in the castle of an ogre, witnessing the arrival of two fresh victims.

Under my father's guidance we took up a position somewhere near the middle of the great saloon, and there we stood and waited, like the others. And the mournful silence continued, and almost the only sound was the crackling of the fires.

Presently a couple of lackeys came in, big men, in showy liveries, marched solemnly the whole length of the room, and fastened open the tall gilded double-door at its southern extremity. Then they marched solemnly back and out.

At this, it was as if a wave swept over the company, a glacial wave, that turned them rigid. They became as still, as stiff, as soldiers at attention.

A minute after, through the open doorway, advanced two functionaries in blue coats, with silver chains around their shoulders, and white wands in their hands. "The Emperor! The Emperor!" they cried, in tones as unlike the Abbé Lesimple's as well might be. And, involuntarily, my mother and I looked at each other and smiled.

Now, in the room beyond, a certain bustle was audible, and voices—or, rather, no: *one* voice was audible, saying something, and following it with a laugh.

I wish I could give you some conception of the character and the effect of that voice, that laugh. I had never before heard a voice the character of which was so marked, the effect of which was so instantaneous, so irresistible. I was destined to hear it many times again, and gradually, perhaps, I grew accustomed to it; but my first impression has not faded; something like its actual echo sounds in my memory. How to describe it? I may say at once that it was an unpolished, unmodulated voice, a voice you would sooner have expected to hear in a stable-yard or a barrack-room than in a palace, a voice that jarred upon the polite ear, that was strident, and harsh, and coarse. But it was by no means merely this—it was much more, much worse than this. It was a voice the effect of which was the effect of a note of warning. There was something hard in it, something inflexible, inelastic, at the same time there was something aggressive, domineering, threatening, that startled you and put you on your guard. It was not merely a voice that suggested vulgarity, roughness, violence; it suggested an indifference, a separateness, an inaccessibility; it suggested an immense adamantine egotism, which made you feel that between the person to whom it belonged and those to whom he spoke there existed some radical disparity of kind, as between creatures of alien species. You felt that a man with such a voice would be of another flesh and blood than yours, of other emotions, thoughts, traditions; that, however much he might command you, question you, dictate to you, use you, he could never have any sort of common human fellowship with you.

And then—the laugh! Here, again, it was not merely a coarse laugh, rasping, high-pitched, unrestrained, the laughter of the canteen; it was an ungenial, unmirthful laugh, the laugh not of a man laughing with men, not even of a man laughing at men, but of a man dissociated from men, isolated, shut in himself, the motives for whose laughter were inscrutable.

Voice and laugh reached us through the open door; and again, involuntarily, my mother and I glanced at each other—but this time we did not smile.

And next instant, the central figure of a group half military, half civil, Bonaparte came into the room: the central figure, and somehow by far the most conspicuous, though of inferior stature, and wearing the simple green and white uniform of his guard, to the eye alone he might have seemed the least conspicuous, for the courtiers and officers surrounding him were tall men, and they glittered with colored velvets and with gold and silver lace. But somehow one scarcely noticed them—they were a vague cloud about him. It was he who forcibly drew and held your gaze.

And now you ask me to set down my impression of Bonaparte's appearance. You have, of course, your own impression of it, because you are familiar with his portraits. And so I may as well begin by saying that I have never seen a portrait which conveys anything like a true notion of the man. Painted, as they were, after he had become a personage of great consequence (I believe there is none extant that antedates his first successes in Italy), all the portraits of him that I have seen are invalidated by the attempt to flatter. They all lend a softness to his face, a good-humor, which it did not possess, as well as a beauty, a nobility. They modify his features, and they falsify his expression. His famous profile, for example, which the portraits represent as near to classical perfection, was, in reality, too sharp, too aquiline: the nose too prominent, too pointed, and too thick in the bridge and at the nostrils; the chin too prominent and too heavy; the lips too thin and too straight, with a look of being sucked in a little; the brow disproportionately low, the back of the head disproportionately massive. It was a vigorous profile, certainly, but it was not beautiful, and it was not pleasant. As for his full face, that was rendered still less beautiful by the extraordinary salience of the cheek-bones, and the great breadth and squareness of the jaws.

For my part, the first thing that struck me in Bonaparte's appearance was the thing for which, of all things, I happened to be least prepared. If I had stopped to think, if I had considered his origin, his antecedents, the progressive steps of his career, I should have been prepared for it. But I had not stopped to think; I had considered his career only in its one bewildering dramatic contrast, its humble inception and its stupendous climax. The first thing that struck me in Bonaparte's appearance was—its *commonness*. Yes, its undisguised, unmitigated *commonness*. He looked like a powerful man, but he looked like a common man. His face was a common face; his figure was a common figure—stocky, thick-set, deep-chested, the arms and torso unduly long, the legs unduly short, and perceptibly bowed. He looked like a powerful man, but he did not look remotely like a gentleman. He looked like a man of mean extraction, of gross instincts, whose nature had not been elevated or refined by the circumstances of his life. He looked underbred—he looked, as we say, *canaille*.

And the next thing that struck me was that he looked unmistakably *not* French; he looked unmistakably Italian. The whole texture of the man was southern, was Latin, with no intermingling of northern, of Gallic, or Teutonic, fibres. He looked like an Italian of the plebeian class. Traveling in Italy, I have frequently seen, among the people, men of his general physical type—the stocky figure, the bull neck, the low brow, the predatory profile.

But from all the portraits of Bonaparte with which I am acquainted, his look of commonness and his look of foreignness are carefully omitted.

Italian, of course, Bonaparte was. But plebeian? But of mean extraction? You will object that his family was

"Eh bien, monsieur, I am told that you do not like me"

accounted noble. Yes—of the dubious, half-barbarous noblesse of Corsica: a family that married its sons to the daughters of provincial tradesmen, its daughters to the sons of village publicans. For the rest, one only had to consider his mother. A vulgarer old woman than Madame Mère, a murkier, scrubbier, or one less fitted for polite society, it has never been my lot to encounter.

The portraitists modify Bonaparte's features, and they totally falsify his expression. That expression, to my thinking at least, was never agreeable. In his most frequent mood, it was as nearly as possible the negation of expression—it was the expression of a close, stolid, impassive mask. If he was absorbed in thought, it became frowning, morose, sombre. If he was animated, it became perilous, minatory. If he was angered, his skin, normally of a somewhat sallow pallor, turned deathly white, and his eyes flashed with a savagery not good to see. On occasions of ceremony, when he endeavored to assume an air of dignity, he hunched up his shoulders, threw back his head, and succeeded only in assuming an air of truculence. But, for me, it was when he was pleased, when he unbent, that I liked his expression least. It was his smile that seemed to me absolutely repulsive. It was when he smiled that his commonness asserted itself most affirmatively, and also his hardness. It was then that his face, from negatively cruel, became positively cruel. How to describe that strange, sinister, grim smile of his? He opened his lips, he showed his teeth, but he gave no sign of kindly human merriment. He fastened his cold, impenetrable, penetrating gray-blue eyes upon you, he opened his lips, he showed his teeth, he drew in his breath with an odd little lisping sound—and your heart sank. It was the smile of a man who had no belief in you, no respect for you; it was a sly smile, it was crafty, watchful, distrustful; it was a smile at once insinuating and cynical, familiar and forbidding; it was a smile that seemed to imply a confidence and complicity of baseness. It seemed to say, "Come! we're both knaves; but I'm a strong knave, and you're a weak knave, and you're trembling in your boots before me. Just now, however, my humor happens to be playful. An hour hence I may hang you. But just now I'm more inclined to dig you in the ribs."

Well, Bonaparte came into the room, surrounded by his cloud of civil and military attendants, and followed, at a certain interval, by Madame Bonaparte and her suite of women. In all his movements Bonaparte was short, awkward, staccato. He came in with that short, awkward, staccato step which my father the night before had somewhat ineffectually tried to imitate. He wore the green and white uniform of his guard, with the broad red riband and silver star of his newly-created order, the Legion of Honor. His coat did not seem to fit him very well—it seemed tight at the waist, and too full in the collar; his shoes were not meticulously clean, nor his stockings as smooth as might be; his short hair was a trifle ruffled; about his whole person, indeed, there was an indefinable untidiness, which, I learned later on, was habitual. A yard or two from the threshold he halted, hunched up his shoulders, threw back his head, and looked round, while, in an intense silence, everybody bowed or curtsied, he acknowledging these obeisances by a jerky little nod, twice or thrice repeated; and, upon my word, his bearing was so conscious and so arrogant, it would have been laughable, if it had not been at the same time distinctly terrifying. He halted near the threshold for perhaps half a minute. Then—he made straight for *us*.

But he did not wait for my father to introduce us. He strutted stiffly across the room, favored my father with none but the most cursory of recognitions, and, his manner as urbane as that of a drill-sergeant addressing a recruit, said, without preliminaries, to my mother:

"Madame, I am glad to see you at the Tuileries. You are one of the great ladies of France. Your proper place is in my circle. I shall expect to see you here frequently."

He spoke as he moved, rapidly, jerkily, without grace, without suavity; and he had a peculiarly uncouth accent—fundamentally an Italian accent, but overlaid by French intonations such as you hear in the streets—which intensified the jarring effect of his voice.

My mother dropped a deep curtsy.

"They tell me you are a musician, madame," he continued.

"I play the pianoforte, sire," my mother answered.

"And you taught others to play it when you were across the Channel—ha?" he questioned.

"I gave music lessons when we were in exile," said my mother.

"Be thankful that you are under the necessity of giving them no longer," said he. "Who are your favorite composers?"

"I am fond of Mozart, sire, and I like what little I know of Beethoven."

"Mozart was an Austrian. Who is Beethoven?"

"He is a Prussian, I believe, sire—a young composer whose music is coming into vogue."

"Coming into vogue?" Bonaparte repeated sharply. "Coming into vogue among whom? Not among patriotic French people, I hope. Leave the music of Prussian and Austrian composers, madame, to Prussian and Austrian performers. We have composers of our own, among whom a patriotic Frenchwoman should choose her favorites. We have Berton, Isouard, Catel. Cultivate them; cultivate Isouard especially. And let me hear no more of Mozart and Beethoven."

The tone in which he posed his questions and delivered his remarks was as hectoring as their matter was humiliating and inept. He had publicly twitted the Duchesse de Pontacq with the misfortunes which had compelled her to give music lessons; and he had publicly lectured a virtuoso of the pianoforte upon her taste in composers.

My mother, her face as white as wax, curtsied again, but did not reply.

After which, he turned suddenly to me.

Fixing his eyes on mine with a steadiness which, I confess, made me wince, "*Eh bien, monsieur*," he said, in a way intended, I suppose, to be more or less jocular—at any rate, there was the beginning of his awful smile about his lips—"*Eh bien, monsieur*, I am told that you do not like me."

This was sufficiently disconcerting, surely; and I might have experienced some difficulty in finding the appropriate *riposte*. But he allowed me no time to seek it.

"It appears," he went on (and, of course, every one in the room was watching and listening), "it appears that you are a wag, monsieur, a maker of *mots*. I have heard a little *mot* of yours about the lily and the bee—that you 'prefer the flower to the insect.' *Hein?*"

The last syllable, the *hein*, came out as sharp, as sudden, as a dagger-thrust—and if you do not mind the homely detail, it was accompanied by an odor of garlic. He paused, still with his eyes on mine, his stony, gray-blue eyes; and I saw myself obliged to answer him. Of course, every one in the room was watching and listening. Conscious of this, and acutely conscious of that pallid, incomprehensible, antagonistic mask so close to me, you will divine whether I was happy. A minute ago I had been smarting for my mother; now I could only tremble for myself. But I did what I could to pluck up my assurance. Emperor though he might be called, I reminded myself, he was just a rough Corsican soldier of fortune, none the less, and, in point of birth and breeding, I had a hundred times the advantage of him. Answer perforce I must; I would answer as best I could.

"Sire," I said, bowing, "I am at a loss to conceive how so insignificant a remark can have reached your august attention; but since it has done so, suffer me to complete it by adding that the lily does not sting."

"No, and neither does it provide needy folk with honey," he retorted quickly; and displayed his enjoyment of his own readiness by a loud burst of laughter, that sounded like a shower of angular pebbles. And a murmur, a titter, discreet but sympathetic, went round the room. "Well," he continued, showing his teeth and drawing in his breath—or, if you will, smiling to reassure me—"perhaps you will like me better when you come to know me. What is your name? How old are you?"

It seemed absurd as well as discourteous that he should ask the name of my father's son. However, "I am called Prince Paul de Pontacq," I replied. "I am twenty-two." It was with intention that I took the unusual course of giving myself my title—a title, moreover, which was proscribed by the Imperial Government. But if he would be offensive, I could at least be recalcitrant.

"Why do you not call yourself Prince de Castelfranc, if you cling to these antiquated distinctions?" he asked. "It is the second title of the Duc de Pontacq."

"It was borne, sire, by my elder brother, who died," I explained. "According to the usage of the great families of France, it has been left in abeyance since my brother's death."

I am sure he had asked his question in order to parade his knowledge of the concerns of the old aristocracy. That was his weakness, his vanity. He could tell you, for example, the second title of the Duc de Pontacq. But, at that rate, he should have been able to tell you also that the Duc de Pontacq had had two sons, of whom I was the younger, and that it was not our custom to assume the names of our dead brothers. I will not deny that I got a certain satisfaction from the opportunity he had thus afforded me of treating his ignorance quite as a matter to be expected, as well as from the faint shadow of vexation that seemed to cross his face.

But now he looked hard at me.

"You are twenty-two years old. Why are you not in my army, as every able-bodied young Frenchman should be?" he demanded sternly.

There were many reasons why I was not in his army. To fight under Bonaparte was to fight against the King. That was the best reason—but I could scarcely allege that. So I alleged the next best (and still sufficient) reason:

"I am not in your army, sire, because it is impossible for me to bear arms against England."

The words had hardly left my mouth before I realized that I had called down the lightning.

Bonaparte's face grew livid. The veins in his forehead swelled, and stood out upon the white skin like purple wires. His eyes shot fury at me.

"England, monsieur!" he exclaimed. "How dare you speak to me of England? England is a nest of vipers; England is the plague of Europe. The English are a race of hypocrites and brigands. The Frenchman must be a coward or a traitor—one or both—a coward or a traitor, I say, who refuses to draw his sword against the most ferocious and the most obstinate of the enemies of France."

His harsh voice rose. He stamped his foot.

And again a murmur of approbation went round the room.

But I, too, had my susceptibilities. I could not swallow an affront like this in cold blood. And as for England, we, who were loyal to the King, never regarded England as the enemy of France. England was the friend of France; England was the King's friend; but England was the enemy of the King's arch-enemy, Bonaparte. My heart was on fire within me. He had said "coward and traitor." And I was defenseless. I was under his roof, under the protection of his hospitality. And he had insulted me monstrously. And he could do so with impunity. My heart was on fire, I could not weigh my speech.

"Sire," I said, and I am afraid my voice, too, had risen, "I do not know for whom such words as coward and traitor can be meant. No man has ever ventured to apply such words to a Prince of the house of Pontacq. The Princes of our house have always been, and will always be, loyal Frenchmen. As for our courage, I will not speak of that until it is impugned by one who can put it to the test. And as for England—England may be the most implacable of your enemies, but England was our home for eleven years. England offered to us, and to others more exalted than ourselves, an asylum, when we were driven from France by treason and anarchy. The Frenchman would be too abject for scorn who, in my position, could draw his sword against England."

Bonaparte heard me out with a patience that was perhaps ominous. Now he stared for an instant, as if he were deliberating whether to annihilate me on the spot. One of his shoulders kept moving up and down, in a convulsive little *tic*. The people round us, meanwhile, watched him and held their breath. He stared for an instant threateningly. Then, all at once, his face relaxed. He gave a broad, gruff laugh, and slapped me on the back.

"*Allons donc!*" he cried, with ironical approval. "We are of the old stock—*nous sommes de la vieille roche, quoi!* We are a mettlesome blade, we are high-spirited and chivalrous. And we are extremely young. Well, well, one must not be too severe with the high-flown sentiments of twenty-two. You are a trifle lily-fingered, Monsieur Paul de Pontacq, but I like you very well, all the same. I shall keep you in mind—I shall make something of you yet. If I cannot make a soldier, I will make something else. In the meantime, I shall expect to see you frequently at my court. We will *form* you here, monsieur."

With which parting shaft he turned his back upon me and moved away.

I have mentioned that Madame Bonaparte, with her suite, had followed him into the room. She was now speaking to my mother. It was with much interest, when I had recovered some amount of composure, that I looked at her. I saw rather a tall woman, well past her first youth, dark-haired, dressed in white silk, with many diamonds, and covered up to the eyes with rouge and powder. Like her husband, but in a vastly less degree, she had a certain air of commonness, an undistinguished air. You would have taken her, perhaps, for the wife of a rich banker; scarcely for the Empress of the French. Her face wanted delicacy and finish, as well as dignity and repose. Her mouth and chin were weak, and even, to say the truth, in their expression, not very refined. But, on the other hand, it was an entirely amiable, good-natured face; her smile was pleasant and ingenuous; and she carried herself with grace.

She smiled when she perceived that I was looking at her.

"This is your son, madame?" she said to my mother; and then, to me, when I had made my bow, "I have already told the Duchesse de Pontacq, monsieur, what pleasure it gives me to see her at the Tuileries. Let me welcome you also. I hope you will join our circle often."

And, of course, I made a second bow, noting the while, by the bye, that if the husband smelt of garlic, the wife was abundantly perfumed with ambergris.

"It gives me great pleasure to see you at the Tuileries, and I hope you will join our circle often. 'Tis the formula with which we hail each new turn-coat," a voice murmured, in English, at my elbow—a soft, feminine voice.

I glanced quickly round, and met a pair of bright brown eyes, all suffused with mischievous laughter. They belonged to an exceedingly pretty young woman, in a charming light-blue frock, with a fluffy white ostrich-plume stuck in her hair.

"Oh, Paul, Paul, Paul, to think that you do not know me!" said this delightful apparition reproachfully, as I gazed at her in wonder.

I certainly did not know her, but I equivocated.

"Does any man ever really know a woman?" I demanded.

She laughed merrily. "You always had a nimble tongue," she said. "But that cannot gloss over the fact that Paul has forgotten his Paulette."

"Paulette!" I cried, "Paulette! Pauline de Sainte-Marguerite!"

I had known her years ago in England, when we were both children, when her people, like mine, had been in emigration there. We had called each other Paul and Paulette. But her father, the Comte de Sainte-Marguerite des Falaises, had obtained some employment in the service of Russia, and had removed thither with his family, so that I had not seen her since I was thirteen or fourteen. Now, to find her again, transformed into this radiant and beautiful young lady!

"Pauline de Sainte-Marguerite!" I cried. And then I could not resist a word of raillery. "Dear me, mademoiselle, how you have grown!"

"And you, too, monsieur, if you come to that," was her quick response. "But no longer Pauline de Sainte-Marguerite—Pauline de Montmirail, if you please."

"Ah, you are married?" said I.

"I am a poor widow," said she.

"A widow—so young?" I exclaimed.

"I am older than you are, Paul, by a whole year," she reminded me. "I was married to Monsieur de Montmirail when I was seventeen, and he died when I was twenty."

"Do you mean the Marquis de Montmirail?" I questioned. "But he was of an age to be your grandfather."

"He was sixty-four when he died," said she. "He was a good man."

"But why," said I, "why have you never let me know you were in Paris? I supposed you were in Moscow. I should have flown to pay you my respects."

"I feared that your political principles might not approve of me. I am a *dame d'atours* of the Empress. But now that the house of Pontacq, also, has fallen, and you are yourself a renegade, I need be afraid no longer. You have seen the Great Extinguisher. What do you think of him?"

"The 'Great Extinguisher'?" I repeated.

"'*Et pom-pom-pom—Napoléon*,'" she quoted, in a whisper. That was the refrain of a satirical ballad which was just then—very privately, you may be sure—going the round of Bonaparte's opponents. You see—a fact that has been pretty generally forgotten—to French ears, till custom

(*Concluded on Page 19*)

BUSINESS SENSE IN CITY MANAGEMENT—How It Pays

By Thomas G. Hayes
Mayor of Baltimore

IN MARCH of the present year I contributed to The Saturday Evening Post an article on Putting a City on a Business Basis, and in it I offered to send to all those who wished it a copy of the new charter of the City of Baltimore, which I believed then and still believe to be the best and most effective instrument of its kind in existence. As I had been Mayor under this new charter only a few months, I could only outline what I expected to do and what I thought should and could be accomplished. Now, after an experience of ten months, in which the new administration has saved for the taxpayers of Baltimore the sum of $771,502.59, I am asked by the Editor to tell how it has been done.

Naturally, the account will be rather personal, and that must be an excuse for freely writing in the first person. I had been the head of the Law Department of the city for four years, and had come into intimate association and acquaintanceship with all the departments of the city government. I had taken deep interest in municipal administration, making a special study of the new charters, both in this country and in Europe. When a Commission was selected to draft a new charter for the City of Baltimore, I was honored by an appointment upon it without either any wish for it or any solicitation from myself. It so happened that the main work of the charter fell upon me, and with the exception of the sections which refer to Public Education, and which were written by President Gilman, of the Johns Hopkins University, I wrote all of the charter, and revised Doctor Gilman's contribution.

The changes made in the local administration of Baltimore were explained in my former article. When the selection of the new Mayor came up the nomination of one of the parties was offered to me. I found out afterward that five names had been presented to the business men of the city by one of the leading citizens and that they had been asked to express their preferences. Ninety-five per cent. favored my nomination as Mayor. I did not want the honor, as it meant a large financial sacrifice; but it was urged so forcibly and my pride in the new charter was so great, that there was no other course but acceptance. I mention this in order to make more plain the experiences which follow. I am a thorough party man, firm in my convictions and rather set in my partisanship; but, so far as conducting the business of a city is concerned, I am a simple business man, using the best business methods to return to the taxpayers the largest value for their money.

To put it in another way, you cannot keep your oath of office and also listen to politicians whose hope is to plunder the people. Of course, after long years of practical politics in the municipal administration of a city, I have had conflicts with interests and with those interested; but all of them together have not swerved me one iota from the purpose of giving the people an absolutely honest and efficient administration.

Now, as to the facts. I selected the best men I could find, irrespective of factions, and when they were appointed we had a meeting and I told them frankly and earnestly that under my administration there should not only be no commissions or rake-offs, or anything of that kind in the matter of purchases by the city, but that if I found out that any such thing had been attempted I would bring the whole legal machinery of the city in force to land the guilty party in the penitentiary. There was no special threat or play in this, but I simply wanted the men of my administration to know that the promises made were to be carried out, and that we were trying to give to this country an example of what might be done by honesty and earnestness in administering the affairs of a municipality.

Saving Huge Sums by Economy

The new charter gave us the machinery, and with the right men to handle it we began the work. The previous administration had submitted to the City Council the Ordinance of Estimates for the fiscal year 1900. A bonded indebtedness of $39,793,982.95, consuming annually an interest charge of $1,500,000, rested upon the city, and the tax rate had reached $1.98 on the hundred. I determined, at once, to see if I could not do something to reduce these burdens. I investigated every item in this Ordinance of Estimates, and the consequence was that with the cooperation of a majority of the City Council we were enabled to save in this one matter $290,195.61, and this included $66,676.00 in salaries. I want to make it perfectly clear that there has been absolutely no effort to force a record for economy at the expense of the public service, and this may be illustrated by the salary reductions probably better than anything else. Take, for instance, the elevator man. He was getting $900 a year, whereas no business house in Baltimore was paying over $600 or $700 a year. Or, take the Water Board. By simply investigating and reducing the operations of the department to a business basis it was found that an entire bureau could be dispensed with without the slightest injury to the service. This point I want especially to emphasize—that with all the cutting down of salaries and the saving, in this, of over a thousand dollars a week to the taxpayers, there has been a distinct improvement in the public service, and the rate of compensation to those who are in the employment of the city is still higher to-day than it is in the business houses. Thus it is seen that simply through investigation, which is the first point in an economical administration, over one thousand dollars for every working day of the year has been saved to the people of Baltimore. After investigation, the next point was, and should always be, competition. This is best illustrated by an actual case which has a certain humorous interest with all its importance. I found that the people of Baltimore were paying entirely too much for electric lights. Apparently there was no recourse, because there was no competition. One company controlled the situation and dictated to the city what it should pay. They assessed us at the exorbitant rate of $127 per light.

To get around this difficulty required finesse, and I confess that I am rather proud of the results. I appointed a Municipal Lighting Commission and had a preliminary report from it advocating a municipal plant. This suggestion of a municipal plant was then exploited somewhat voluminously in the local newspapers. There was really a very interesting discussion of the whole matter. Of course, the monopoly knew perfectly well that it would take some years to establish such a plant, and as the time for the submitting of bids was approaching it felt sure of its ground and of its high charges. Then I got the men who drew up the specifications for bids for lighting the city to make them broad enough to cover illumination by gas. There are, as all know, several gas inventions which make practically as good a light as electricity. The municipal plant discussion disturbed the monopoly, but the new specifications caused it to imitate the example of the coon when David Crockett went hunting. It came down, and the consequence is that on the new contract we have saved to the people of Baltimore over $200,000.

In competition I include the largest publicity. I mean by this that everything the city uses shall be advertised for, and that it shall be purchased absolutely at the lowest cost. Under our charter, on contracts for $500 or over, we take away from a department the power to purchase, and put the matter entirely in the hands of the Board of Awards, which is composed of the Mayor, the President of the Second Branch of the City Council, the Comptroller, the City Solicitor and the City Register, three being elected by the people, one appointed by the Mayor, and the other elected by joint action of the City Council.

Better Fire Service at Less Expense

Take the Fire Department as another illustration of real competition and of the largest publicity. Without going into details I need simply state that the department has not yet spent one-half of its appropriation, and it will end its fiscal year with a surplus of thirty-three per cent. on an original appropriation that was reduced from the first estimates. The other day the question of hose came up, and we suspected, whether wrongly or not I do not care to state, that influences were at work in favor of certain bidders. The hose usually heretofore bought cost one dollar. We—I mean by that the Board of Awards—took the matter away from the Fire Department, and got as good an article for sixty-seven cents, saving several thousand dollars to the taxpayers.

I would like to give another illustration of the benefits of competition. The former City Librarian prepared specifications for the books, stationery and printing required by the different departments and sub-departments of the municipal government. I went over them very carefully and saw certain defects. The Board of Awards took my view of the case, and we drew up new specifications and readvertised them. I have now a letter from the librarian whose specifications were discarded, frankly admitting that our action had saved for the people $7,863.12 for the year, and adding: "In my judgment you are to be congratulated for the firm stand you have taken in the matter."

There are so many facts to illustrate the points which I have mentioned that I feel constrained to add more. The Water Department of the city had been independent for years and had not considered itself under the general supervision of the administration. I was very fortunate to secure at the head of the Department a man who had good judgment, and who was genuinely interested in the cause of good government and a direct business administration. His method was simplicity itself. He went to the root of matters, saw what needed to be done, found the men who could do it, and lopped off those who were not returning full value in their work. The result was a saving of something like $218,000 in a year, and the service to-day is better than it has ever before been in the whole history of Baltimore.

The first point was investigation, the second was competition, and the third was cash.

Editor's Note—Through the invitation given in the previous article the demand for the new charter from every part of the country was so great that Mayor Hayes had a second edition printed for the readers of The Saturday Evening Post. The invitation still holds good, and those desiring copies may obtain them by addressing Hon. Thomas G. Hayes, Mayor, Baltimore, Md.

WHERE THE SAVING WAS MADE

The following, taken from official sources, explains just where the saving of the $771,502.59 was made:

Reduction in pending Ordinance of Estimates	$290,195.61
Supplemental Ordinance of Estimates (Water Board)	27,200.00
Present Water Board	218,000.00
Commissioner of Street Cleaning	4,078.31
Harbor Board	2,627.00
City Librarian	250.00
Board of Awards (Printing, etc., Departments)	7,863.12
Board of Park Commissioners	3,800.00
Lamps and Lighting	200,000.00
Board of Fire Commissioners	14,488.55
Comptroller	3,000.00
Total	$771,502.59

The items in the first reduction by Departments in the Ordinance of Estimates were as follows:

	Salaries alone	Total
Inspector of Buildings	$ 5,100.00	$ 78,919.61
Harbor Board	300.00	5,980.00
Health Department	4,380.00	4,380.00
Quarantine	1,400.00	1,400.00
Fire Department	3,800.00	15,105.00
City Collector's Department	1,900.00	1,900.00
City Engineer's Department	6,500.00	70,500.00
Appeal Tax Court	13,596.00	45,996.00
Liquor License Commission	2,400.00	3,100.00
Superintendent of Public Buildings	6,130.00	12,370.00
Mayoralty	.....	1,000.00
City Register	.....	250.00
Sewerage Commission	2,220.00	2,520.00
General Expenditures	1,750.00	2,025.00
Certain Expenses	13,500.00	35,500.00
Public Schools	3,800.00	9,250.00
	$66,676.00	$290,195.61

The total appropriation for the year was $7,616,427.87.

That is to say, pay as you go. For years Baltimore had been living on borrowed money; collecting floating debts until they had to be funded, and thus increasing the bonded obligations of the city. It was wild extravagance; but it was one of those evil arrangements which the average taxpayer can never fully understand or appreciate until the tax bill comes in. It took heroic work to make the change, but we have done it in less than a year. When the new charter went into effect the finances were in a wretched condition, an enormous funded debt existed, and there was a tax rate which was not only oppressive but which made unmarketable, in the opinion of some, real estate which had to bear the brunt of taxation. I made the point that the city finances should be reduced to a cash basis, and that it could be done. In the face of some opposition and many doubts we succeeded in accomplishing this end, to the further saving of thousands of dollars for the people. Let me give an instance of how irregular the finances of a city may become.

Making the Banks Pay Interest

Shortly after my inauguration, I discovered that the deposit banks holding the city's money were not required to pay interest to the city on $25,000 of their respective deposits. In other words, $25,000 of the city's money in each bank was exempt from the payment of any interest. To change this may seem a small matter; but it means nearly $2,000 a year to the city treasury. Another thing. At my suggestion, every bank which is a depository of the city's funds has to give to the Mayor and City Council of Baltimore bonds in the penal sum of one half million of dollars, with acceptable security. See the consequences! We not only get, as we should, interest on our daily balances, but every dollar that the city has is doubly protected against failure or disaster.

The results in less than a year are a saving of $771,502.59, a reduction of the tax rate from $2 to $1.67, and, with it all, the improvement of the public service in every department. I can say with absolute knowledge that there is to-day no lobby connected with the city government of Baltimore. There are no commissions and no rake-offs. Every office-holder does his work as he would for a well-organized business house, being well paid for it and knowing that no sort of political influence is going to disturb him so long as he does his duty. As for myself, I would simply say that I have never and shall never let any politician know of any appointment until it is fully determined upon. There is no political pull in the present administration of the municipal affairs of Baltimore.

Of course, there have been some rather unique incidents and experiences connected with this revolution of a city's government. It is hard to convince some people that it is not wise to buy supplies of a man because he is a good partisan, when his competitor of the other political party sells twenty per cent. cheaper. I have had some opposition, also, from those who have been affected by my stand that the public utilities belong to the public, and that when a private person wishes to use any of them he should be made to pay for the privilege. The Board of Estimates has upheld this contention, and we find that those who have enjoyed certain allowances in the past are not happy when they are compelled to pay for them now. What has surprised me, however, has been that while the administration was under fire from this cause for two weeks from one of the leading newspapers of the city, not a voice, not a public meeting, endeavored to encourage or to uphold the men who were sacrificing income and popularity for the material welfare of the people. Of course, that will come out all right in the end. The work that has been done shows for itself; but I confess that I should like to see a more instant and a more vigorous public spirit for the upholding of absolute honesty in public administration.

The vulnerable point of all city government is the City Council, and the value of any new charter is in its efficacy in checking the Council. The voting away of money for petty local interests, the trading of influence and votes, and the whole miserable business of small ward and precinct politics, account for a very large part of the profligacy in municipal expenditure. That is where the new charter of Baltimore is of incalculable value.

After a study of all the municipal charters of the world I made a radical departure in the present charter of Baltimore. It ties up the City Council. The Council cannot increase, but it may decrease the annual estimates. It can increase but it cannot decrease the income. In the Second Branch, which is the higher branch, three votes uphold the Mayor's veto. With this power we have been able to do things, and what Baltimore has done can be done in any city of the world.

A final word I should like to say, and that is this: that with all the reduction and with all the saving of money there has been a great—and I may even say a wonderful—improvement in the government. The taxpayers are paying less and getting more than at any time in the recent history of the city.

The Indian in Politics

By Homer Bassford

EFFORTS to bring the American Indian to an understanding of the white man's political methods have for the most part been attended by failure. Practical politicians living in regions peopled by Indians have worked with the problem months at a time, only to find, at the critical moment, that the Indian had been playing fast and loose all the while, and that his pledges to the opposition party were quite as earnest as those made to the men who had taken the initiative. The Indian had at once concluded that his vote had a commercial value and that, after he had sold it twice, it still belonged to him to sell to yet another political organization.

With the coming into operation of new laws, that will do away with tribal councils and which will take away from the Indian the courts by which he has heretofore adjudged the cases of his own people, there was reason to believe that the red man would at once take to the white man's methods and put his shoulder to the political wheel. In the Indian Territory there are many Tonkawans, Pawnees, Shawnees, Sacs and Foxes, Cheyennes, Iowas, Arapahoes and Kickapoos, who might assert the right of citizenship and cast votes for their own government, but the party managers of each side have not been able to do much with them. Not long ago a well-known politician from the Territory was telling of his experiences in a "round-up" of Indian votes.

"I had talked with them a good deal about the desirability of getting into politics, and with surprising suddenness they agreed that they were much interested and believed that the time had come for the tribes to take a personal hand in the white man's government. I was pleased to hear the expression of such a view and I at once set about making it pleasant for the bucks who were entitled to vote. Meat was sent to them, and in other ways the party leaders spent neither pains nor money in their efforts to secure the favor of the new element. Things went very well for a while, when we discovered, to our amazement, that party men from the other side had made similar moves in the direction of securing the new support. So we got more meat, more tobacco and otherwise showed that we were of the right sort. Things got to going pretty well and we thought that the conclusion of the interesting contest would be in our favor, when, of a sudden, just before the day of election, there was a demand for more attention. We were compelled to say no, whereat the noble red man, failing to secure further concessions from the other side, deserted his wickiup and moved, leaving no vote behind him."

It is the experience of all old-timers in the Territory that the Indian is a wonderfully shrewd politician along lines laid down by his own people, but the methods of the white man are not interesting to him, and he does not care to understand them. There are probably 5000 eligible Indian voters in the Southwest, but it is doubtful if many of them will ever visit the polls. An occasional Southwestern Indian is a marvel of cultivation and polish, with a broad understanding of all of the white man's methods and points of view. One of these is the Cherokee chief, General Pleasant Porter, a very delightful man. If you were to meet General Porter in one of the St. Louis or Kansas City hotels, where he is a frequent visitor, his magnificent presence would at once attract you. He dresses fashionably, keeps in close touch with current events and has traveled a great deal. General Porter understands our kind of politics. Whether he cares for it or not no one but himself can say. But his people, as a mass, will have nothing to do with the game.

A TALE OF A PIGTAIL

By Morgan Robertson

Ling Sum quickly and smilingly tied a granny's knot

ONE of the finest specimens of Chinese anatomy I had ever seen came down the rickety wharf, climbed my little schooner's rail and, approaching the poop, where the mate and I sat smoking, asked me for a berth. He was nearly six feet tall, well built, handsome in a Chinese way, and he wore at full length down his back as long, thick and glossy a queue as might be found in all Shanghai. Besides, he was well dressed, and smiled in a very well-bred, intelligent manner. He did not look like a waterman or a sailor; but as I was a man short I considered his application.

"What can do?" I asked in the pidgin-English of the seaports.

"Can do," he answered; "Ling Sum, name. Velly much able seaman."

"Can steer? Can splice rope? Can box compass?"

"Plenty good sailo' man. Makee long splice, sho' splice. Box compass. No', no' by eas', no' no' eas', no' eas' by no'——"

"That's good," I interrupted. "Savvay ropes?"

He put out his hand on the mainsheet and named it. Then he pointed to the foremast, jibboom, and various parts of the vessel, calling their names correctly, and giving other evidence of nautical erudition far in advance of that of the rest of my crew.

"Try him on knots, Capt'n," said the mate. "A square knot's the test o' Chinese sailorizin'."

Somehow, out of his experience, Mr. Jack Macdonald, my mate, had evolved the theory that a woman and a Chinaman cannot tie a square knot, without laborious instruction—their instincts impelling them to make a granny's knot. A square knot is the simplest of knots: bring the two ends of string or rope together, lay one over the other, wind it around underneath and bring it up; then bring the ends together again and repeat the operation, but reverse it—that is, if you laid the right hand end over the other in the first knotting, lay the left hand end over the right in the second. The result is a shipshape square or reef knot which a trained sailor would tie in his sleep; but if you do not reverse the casting of the second knot, you have a slippery granny's knot. As I had been to much trouble in teaching my Chinese crew to knot reef-points correctly, and as I never had known a woman who could keep her shoestrings tied, I admitted the logic of Jack's contention, and put Ling Sum through the knots. He tied correctly a bowline knot, a becket and a carrick bend, a clove hitch, rolling hitch, timber hitch, and all the working knots used at sea except the last one named to him—Jack's test knot. Ling Sum quickly and smilingly tied a granny's knot.

"We can teach him that, Jack," I said to my scornful and triumphant mate. "He seems to be a good Chinaman. Got any discharges?" I asked. "Any paper talk?"

He pulled out a letter and gave it to me with the proud air of a good boy showing a favorable school report. It read thus:

"To whom it may concern. This scoundrel is no doubt the greatest liar and thief unbeheaded. He claims to be a sailor; if so, he is a Pei-Ho pirate. He worked a week in the British Legation, stole all that was portable, proved himself innocent, and was discharged on general principles and to save the Legation. He asks for a character, and I cheerfully give it. ROBERT WALPOLE,
"Consul's Clerk, Shanghai."

Though I read this aloud to the mate, its long words and grammatical construction made it an unknown tongue to the Chinaman, who said, as I handed it back:

"Velly good man, Mis' Walpo'. Velly good flien' Ling Sum."

"Yes," I answered. "He says you're a very good Chinaman. I suppose you are. You're all alike. Go for your clothes. We go down to Wu Sung next tide."

He went away and returned in an hour with his working clothes—one suit tied up in a handkerchief. I had no scruples in shipping him, for I already had five choice thieves in my forecastle and did not balk at a sixth. But Ling Sum was *persona non grata* with the others at once. It was his own fault; he was far and away their mental and physical superior, and, barring the matter of the granny's knot, the best seaman of them all; but he chose to ignore this legitimate right to his own way among them, and to base his attitude on his orthodoxy. I heard suspicious sounds at supper-time—squealings, chatterings and jarrings—arising from the forecastle hatch, but did not interfere, having learned that no one but a Chinaman can settle a Chinese row. However, on the way down the river that evening, I asked Yum Foo, who came aft to the wheel with a large lump on his forehead, as to the cause of the sounds.

"Him velly bad Chinaman," he answered, as he took the wheel and the course. "Him Ling Sum velly good sailo' man—velly much fore side. Him no care this Him talkee 'ligion all time. Got queue—velly much pleased. No care for Chinaman no got queue. Hittee him belayin'-pin. What manner fashion that?"

From which I gathered that Ling Sum had been reproving his shipmates for their apostacy from Chinese religion. Long acquaintance and contact with foreigners in the seaports, and possibly some former conversion to Christianity, had resulted in their losing their pigtails and growing hair like other human beings. Renegades they were, and in danger of assault in the inland towns. Ling Sum had merely upheld the ancient traditions of his race; but, as it was a matter affecting discipline, I called him aft and admonished him, flourishing a belaying pin menacingly in his smiling face as I spoke.

But he denied all unworthy intent, and swore by the graves of his fathers—even though the rest of the crew came aft

with bruises and contusions to refute him—that he was a well-meaning stranger among the wicked, that they had objected to his fine clothes, to his education, to his queue, and had reviled him, and his father and mother, and all his family because of his ignorance of a certain mysterious knot which they had learned (it seems they had found his weakness); and for this he had given them kind words and forgiveness until forced to defend himself from their combined assault. As he could not show a bruise or a scratch to bear out his testimony, and as the chatter of protest was deafening, I chased them forward to settle it as they could.

There was no further trouble that night. We reached Wu Sung, at the junction of the Wu Sung River with the Yang-tse-Kiang, before dark, found a berth, and having set the anchor watches—a matter of form, for my crew invariably slept on watch—Jack and I turned in. Nothing moved at night in that narrow and crowded passage, and there was no danger from collision. As for thieves, though we placed no confidence in the integrity of the crew, we did in loaded revolvers placed under our pillows, and in our well-established reputation along the river for willingness to use them on strange Chinamen. Besides, there was nothing stealable in the schooner of greater value than loose belaying-pins, pump brakes and buckets, except at such times as I received my freight money too late for banking; then I took it to bed with me and slept lightly.

This happened on the following day, after we had discharged cargo into a lighter. I received it in silver bullion and Mexican dollars, packed in a six by six square box of lacquer, the loose cover of which was held down by a silken cord, crossed and knotted as a grocer ties up a package. Sam Tung, as sinful-looking a thief as I ever saw, was the only one on deck when I came aboard at dark, and I could tell by the slight change in his seamy countenance that he had seen the box in my hand and knew of its contents.

"All right, my gentleman," I muttered as I walked aft. "It'll pay you to stick to your end of the schooner to-night."

Before turning in I told Jack to stand by for a call, apprising him of the presence of the money and its hiding-place—in my bunk. But, as usual, with my freight money aboard, I could not get to sleep, and twice that night I arose and sought the deck for a cooling smoke. My first visit was at a quarter past one, and Ah Wen, on watch from one o'clock to two-forty, was dozing over the windlass-bitt. I awakened him, not too gently, and learned that he had relieved Ling Sum, the new man, and would be followed by Sam Tung, the one who had observed the box. I hoped that Sam's Chinese instincts had prevented him from speaking of the box and arranging a combined raid on the cabin; and, though I would have felt easier if he had already stood his anchor watch, I knew that a Chinaman, aware that he is under suspicion, becomes not only useless, but at times dangerous; so I made no change in the watches. I turned in again, dozed until three, and again came on deck. Sam Tung was snoring on the forehatch, and judging him safest asleep, I went below, lighted the cabin lamp, shaded it from Jack's door, so as not to disturb him, and read for a while at the table. Then I fell asleep in the chair, and awakened shortly after in utter darkness.

Keyed up as I was that night, it did not take many seconds for me to realize where I was, that the cabin lamp ought to be burning, and that there was somebody in the cabin; a dark mass on the floor was slowly moving toward the forward passage.

"Turn out, Jack," I called; "here's a thief! Get your gun!"

I heard his answer as I sprang for the man on the floor, and as the fellow clenched me and we rolled about, I heard Jack yell: "Pistol's gone, Cap'n. Hold on; I'll help you."

"Get mine—under my pillow," I called with difficulty, for though I was heavily built, my burglar was a wrestler, strong and lively. Jack bounded across the cabin to my room and then shouted: "Not here. Hold him till I get my knife out."

"I've got him down," I answered, my knee on the fellow's chest and my fingers at his throat. "Give me your knife and light the lamp."

I received the opened jack-knife, and while Jack fumbled for matches, pressed the point on my man's throat, and said sharply: "Lie quiet, or I'll drive it in."

So far he had not spoken, but the touch of that cold, sharp steel brought out an ear-splitting shriek, and developed in him a strength that I was not prepared for. He gripped my hand in both of his and wrenched the knife away from me. With a violent wriggle sidewise, he managed to bring one foot up under my stomach; then I was lifted and hurled back against the table; and before I could recover, saw him scramble to his feet and dart out the forward passage. But in that sudden wrenching of the knife out of my hands I had felt it cut into his throat. It would identify him, I thought, and was comforted; for in the short struggle my hands had not reached the top of his head, which would have cleared or branded one, at least.

My first thought was of the box. It was in my bunk, tied up, but empty, as I ascertained by shaking it. In the passage, toward which the thief was crawling when I awakened, were our pistols, side by side. Having left the box in the bunk, no doubt to delay discovery of the theft of its contents, it may have been his intention to replace the pistols for the same reason. But before we could speculate on this there arose from forward a screaming and yelling in pidgin-English, which brought us, pistols in hand, to the forward door. Our crew, the whole six, were coming aft—Ling Sum and Sam Tung in the van—and each held his hand to his throat and chattered frantically.

"Stand where you are," I ordered as I leveled my pistol, and they halted in the glare of light from the open door. "Now, what's the matter?"

They all showed me their throats, in each of which was a small wound, and out of the babel of explanation and protest which arose, I gathered that they had been stabbed in their sleep by some one, who had then escaped from the forecastle in the darkness; that Sam Tung, on anchor watch, standing erect on the forehatch, looking ahead, was the first to suffer; and, having received his wound from some one who approached from behind, he had only time to observe a dark figure darting down the forecastle hatch. This I mentally stigmatized as a lie; for if Sam Tung was the thief he had received his cut in the cabin, and if he was innocent, and awake on the hatch, he would have heard the uproar aft and would have been looking that way.

"Come down below, all of you," I said, and we mustered around the cabin table. I examined the cuts, found that none was serious, and told them so. Then we searched them, but found nothing of value—not even Jack's knife. Their clothing, in which they slept, like all sailors, was so soiled that none gave signs of additional stains from the dust of the cabin floor; and their faces all wore a common expression of injury and wonder.

"Now, look here," I said sternly, "one bad Chinaman here. Come aft, turn out lamp, takee two pistol from bunks—put down on floor; takee box from bunk, takee money from box, put box back in bunk all tied up allee same; go for get pistols to puttee back in bunk, wakee me up; I fight, I make little cut in throat; bad Chinaman run away with knife; cuttee Sam Tung, go down, cuttee one, two, three, four—allee same place—allee so make all same—so no can tell which bad Chinaman. Chinamen all stay here—in morning all go jail, all six Chinamen."

Mighty vociferation arose from the six, which I silenced with the leveled revolver. Then they scanned each other's faces, and I watched closely for a telltale expression; but not a face betrayed its owner. At last Jack approached and whispered in my ear: "Was the box tied up? One of 'em ties granny's knots."

I bounded into my room and examined the knot in the silken cord. There it was—a lubberly granny, which no sailor should tie. Securing a pair of handcuffs, I nodded to Jack through the door, and he immediately covered Ling Sum with his gun. Then I ironed the gentleman, in spite of his declarations of innocence, and, reëntering my room, brought out the box, held it in the lamplight, and silently pointed to the knot. They crowded around, peered at it, and then arose the mightiest outburst of Chinese billingsgate that I had ever heard. They surrounded the captive, and in their native tongue told him their opinion of him. We knew what it was by the unmistakable scorn, derision, contempt and anger in their voices, by the vicious slaps they gave his face, and the vicious tugs they gave his beautiful pigtail; and Sam Tung, as became the betrayed, was the noisiest; Ling shook his manacled hands and wagged his head in protest; but they brought the box under his nose, pointed out the disgraceful hitch, and renewed their upbraidings. The face of Ling Sum changed as he realized what had convicted him; and he hung his head dejectedly until the last Chinese anathema had rung out and quivered into silence; then he looked reproachfully at me and said:

"Ling Sum tie knots chop-chop velly good—no tie number one knot all samee Melican. No see—no can see, how can do. No tell Ling Sum—how can tie knot?"

"Why, you bloody-minded thief!" I rejoined hotly, while Jack roared with laughter; "do you blame me for this? Think I ought to have taught you that knot, eh; and then you wouldn't have got caught? You've a wonderful nerve."

"If no can see, no can do."

"Where's the money?"

"Ling Sum no hab got."

"Ling Sum goes to jail chop-chop. Chop-chop: Ling Sum no got head." I drew my hand across my throat, but I doubt that it was the reference to losing his head that affected him, for he must have known that he was in no danger of his life for robbing a foreigner. But I think he feared an investigation into his history, for when I added: "Ling Sum tell where money is, Ling Sum no go to jail," he looked at me quickly and said: "Ling Sum step on bundle 'longside main hatch. No can tell—plaps bundle got money."

"Go out and get it, Jack," I said joyfully. Jack went out and returned with the ship's ditty-bag, which had held the twine, palms and needles, wax, eyelets and the odds and ends used in sailmaking; but it now held my silver, and at its mouth was a long piece of spun yarn, convenient to fasten the bag to the neck while swimming ashore, and this spun yarn was knotted granny fashion.

It was daylight now, and sounds were arising from the wharves. Turning to the five expectant Chinamen so curiously cleared of suspicion, I said: "Yum Foo, Wang Sing, Ah Wen, Wing Lung, Sam Tung—all good Chinamen—no steal, no lie"—each thief of the five nodded his head in smiling affirmation of this lie. "Ling Sum very bad Chinaman; steal, lie, cut throat—some time go to jail. But I tell him he not go now. Savvay? Still, Ling Sum must get punish. Chinaman punish. Savvay?"

I handed the key of the handcuffs to Sam Tung, and motioned them to the door. They went, leading Ling Sum, and Jack and I cooked our breakfast.

As we took in cargo that day I learned that they had Ling Sum still ironed, secured to the pawl-post in the forecastle, and on questioning one of them, was answered by mysterious mutterings about Shanghai; so, supposing that Ling Sum was to receive a good "basting" with bamboos up the river, I dismissed him from my mind.

At Shanghai we discharged, took in cargo for Chapu, in Hang-Chow Bay, and sailed down the river. As we passed the last wharf of the American quarter, my crew—all but Ah Wen, who had the wheel and seemed intensely excited—went below. Then there arose such an agonized wail as only an afflicted Chinaman can emit, and up the forecastle hatch came Ling Sum, minus his queue, and grasping wildly at the short stump left. With eyes blazing, and scream after scream coming from his throat, he raced aft, then forward, aft again, and with a wild whoop went overboard. When he appeared on the surface he struck out for the right bank, yelling occasionally, and as he made good progress I forbore attempting a rescue.

His queue will grow in time; but until it does he is a creature far below the animals—as low and as vile and as worthy of death as the wickedest "foreign devil."

With a wild whoop he went overboard

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Judge Jeune and the Reporters

Sir Francis H. Jeune, husband of Lady Jeune, is one of the most austere judges on the English bench and one, too, that the smart set in England most frequently appear before, for it is he who tries all the notorious divorce suits that crop up in the London law courts. He sits like a graven image through a case, seldom opens his mouth, and has a cold eye which seems to look into the very heart of a witness.

He needs to be one who can detect the spurious, for in his court there is more perjury heard in a week than in all other courts in a year.

In London there are reporters who "farm" certain courts. Perhaps half a dozen reporters have this divorce court as their particular ground, and year by year the daily newspapers make a contract with one or other of these reporters, the latter agreeing to furnish the newspaper with a complete report of every case for a fixed sum each week. Day after day the same reporters turn up, and each man occupies his particular seat, but according to all appearances, Sir Francis Jeune, during all the years, never so much as saw the busy journalists.

A few weeks ago, however, one of the most influential newspapers published a bitter attack on the divorce court reporters, claiming that they accepted bribes from parties who wished their names or cases suppressed. The reporters were most indignant, but as the newspaper had mentioned no names, there was little chance of any successful libel suit.

How to clear their characters they did not know. But when the court opened, one morning shortly after the publication of the damaging article, Judge Jeune announced that before the first case was called he had a statement to make.

He said, in effect, that he had during all his years on the bench carefully watched the proceedings of every character in his court, and, knowing that many temptations were sure to be placed before the reporters, he had kept his eyes wide open in that regard. He, however, was convinced that the journalists had for years done their work conscientiously and with clean hands, and he was astounded to read such an attack on their characters as had appeared in a certain publication. Although the matter did not directly concern him, he said, he could not stand by and see gentlemen misrepresented and maligned who had sat near his bench for so many years.

The reporters took down every word of this statement, and it was printed in every daily paper in the land, for when a judge says a thing, it goes. The offending paper made a handsome withdrawal and apology, and the incident is now considered closed. Sir Francis has once more withdrawn into his official shell, is as taciturn as ever, and does not see the representatives of the press—but they swear by him, nevertheless.

SIR FRANCIS H. JEUNE

Washington, a Chinese-American

Washington Shen Tung is one of the most interesting babies in the United States. He is the son of Mr. Shen Tung, First Secretary of the Chinese Legation at Washington, and was born at Chevy Chase, Maryland, a few weeks ago, just as the relations between this country and China were beginning to grow less strained, and there were definite signs of peace.

So joyous did the happy parents and all the members of the Legation feel over the brightening national prospect, that, with the warm approval of his colleagues and of Minister Wu himself, Mr. Shen Tung decided to give his boy the name of Washington, to dress him in American clothing, and to bring him up in American ways.

The brilliant red robes and the more brilliant cap, topped with its yellow button, were discarded, and Washington was given an American nurse, and the many red slips or cards sent by friends, in accordance with Chinese etiquette, were laid aside.

It is the first child born to the couple, and they make no secret of the fact that they consider it the most wonderful baby that ever existed. It has a complexion of finely tinted yellow, and with its long, narrow eyes and prominent upper lip is really a pretty child; and, although but an infant, it wears a curious air of authority. Doubtless, like American babies, it is really monarch of all it surveys.

Little Washington is wheeled about in a bamboo carriage, which gives a suggestion of the Orient, but the only really Oriental thing about it is a tiny red cord, with silver and gold amulets attached, wound about its wrist, its object being to keep away evil spirits.

One question no one has yet presumed to ask of the proud father: that is, whether, in view of the deep importance attached to pigtails, in Celestial eyes, little Washington will have to have one, after all, in spite of his American upbringing.

WASHINGTON SHEN TUNG

How Mr. Buell's Thumb was Scarred

Mr. Augustus C. Buell, the author of a new life of Paul Jones, has himself had a life of varied experiences. He was in the Civil War as a boy, has been a newspaper man in Kansas and a Washington correspondent and newspaper man in the East, has published a volume on the engineer in the West, has been connected with Civil War, was a civil concern in Philadelphia, and for some years past his Americanism. All a large ship-building great-grandparents were

He prides himself on sixteen of his great- born within the present limits of the United States, and his four great-grandfathers fought in the Revolutionary War. In preparing his work on Paul Jones he studied extensively in foreign libraries, and had access, besides, to hitherto unpublished material. A scar on the inside of his right thumb has a curious history.

"One of my great-grandfathers," he says, "was a gunner on the Bonhomme Richard; so you see it was natural that in the Civil War I drifted into the Artillery myself.

"In a hot fight in which our battery was engaged, the day before the battle of Cold Harbor, my principal duty was to keep my thumb over the vent of one of the cannons. The principal object of this was to prevent premature explosions through sparks remaining in the cannon from previous discharges. Most gunners swab out the gun after every discharge so as to extinguish these sparks, and if they do so the work of the boy at the vent is much easier.

"But an Irishman named Griffiths, who was Number One, and who had therefore to load and swab the cannon, became tremendously excited, and did not swab it out oftener than once every half-dozen discharges or so. This was hard on me, for I had to keep my thumb pressed down so continuously on the hot metal. The thumb began to burn so badly that I called to him to swab out the gun oftener, but he merely answered with a volley of excitable oaths.

"'But it's burning the flesh away!' I cried.

"'Then hold it tight with the bone!' he yelled back.

"Well, it hurt pretty badly, but we got through the fight. That night, when we were enjoying our coffee and hardtack, and I had the thumb wrapped up, I turned to Griffiths and said: 'What if I had let go of that when it was burning my thumb so badly?'

"'I thought of that,' he said grimly, 'and was ready to brain you with the rammer if you had done such a thing.'

"At that I spluttered so that I lost half of my precious coffee, for Griffiths was so completely forgetting that if I had let go, and there had been a premature discharge, there wouldn't have been anything left of him."

The Inventor of the Stamp Book

Mr. Edwin C. Madden, Third Assistant Postmaster-General, firmly believes that one person's loss is another's gain, for his personal loss of fifty cents' worth of postage stamps occasioned the introduction of the stamp book, has been a gain of several thousand dollars to the Department, and promises to add a good round sum to the annual receipts.

On one particularly hot day he bought twenty-five two-cent stamps. These he placed between two sheets of cardboard. When he arrived at his hotel he had use for the stamps, but found them closely adhered to the card, the heat of his body having moistened the mucilage.

For several days Mr. Madden gave considerable thought as to the best way of protecting stamps. The stamp book was the result. He laid the matter before the Director of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, but that official said it would cost too much. He said it would necessitate the enlargement of the plant, the introduction of special machinery, and many other improvements. He was not in favor of placing stamps on the market in book form.

Mr. Madden tried several times to have the Director look with favor upon the scheme, but was unsuccessful. The question was then laid before the Postmaster-General, who was strongly impressed. He made a special call upon the Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. Gage immediately gave orders that the books be manufactured.

The first installment of stamp books was placed on the market on April 16. Since then, every one of the 72,000 post-offices in the country has been supplied. Up to July 31 the books sent out numbered 2,729,590, valued at $1,005,303.58. As the Government receives eight-tenths of a cent profit on each book sold, the total profit for the year is looked forward to with a great deal of interest by post-office officials.

Professor Stubbs and His Tip

Professor William C. Stubbs, who has recently been sent by the United States Government to Hawaii to study and report upon the system of irrigation which obtains there, is now, and has been for some years, the chief of the Louisiana Agricultural Experiment Station, located in Audubon Park, New Orleans. Mr. Stubbs is a genial talker, is unassuming in manner, and, when superintending the farm work, his dress is decidedly unconventional.

MR. EDWIN C. MADDEN

Recently a gentleman and his wife, tourists from the North, visited the Station, and, seeing a man busy in the field, the husband, rather unceremoniously and even brusquely, demanded to be shown over the farm.

The man, with ready courtesy, complied. He pointed out everything worthy of note and seemed wonderfully well informed in all of the many experimental departments. The tourists were secretly amazed by the variety of information possessed by the farm laborer and by the language he used. At length, having been shown everything on the place, they turned to go.

In recognition of the services rendered them by their guide, the visitor handed him a quarter, with a patronizing "Here, take this, my man."

"My man's" face lit up with an odd smile, and there was a queer twinkle in his eye, but he pocketed the tip with thanks. The lady, however, divined that some hidden meaning lay behind that smile and twinkle.

"Perhaps," she said, stammering and blushing; "perhaps we are mistaken — we thought you — well, you know, we took you to be just one of the farm laborers — but — but now——"

"Pray make no excuses, madam, for your husband's gift. I wish that every visitor to the Station were as generous; then perhaps we might be better able to extend the scope of our work. Besides, these clothes and this pipe would disguise anybody. They are the despair of my wife."

At the forge

A Prince of the Factory and Forge

By Edwin A. Schell

A CERTAIN gifted complainer has said that "Honor is emptiness and fame a fleeting breath." But as honors go in a country where poor lads become merchant princes, where boys rise from the cobbler's bench to the Senate, and from the towpath to the White House, they are no slight ones which the years have brought to Mr. Clem Studebaker, the wagon maker, the son of a wagon maker, the father of wagon makers—the family has wagons in the blood. Fame, too, is probably evanescent, but unless one happens to have 124 ancestors, like the Mikado, or has achieved the passing glory of a patent medicine advertisement, whose name is more widely sounded abroad than his of the shop and forge? His name is borne everywhere about the earth on a rolling caravan; under the shadow of Fujiyama, in China, in South Africa, as well as in the fastnesses of Luxon, last penetrated by the American arms.

To establish a vast business, a university of the people where 2500 men for many years have earned their livelihood; to become the head of the great Chautauqua Summer System of Education that held this year 350 assemblies, opening up the Arts of Progress as well as the progress of the Arts to 300,000 students; to represent his Government on the Pan-American Commission; to sit in National Conventions, as well as in the inner councils of a great party where Presidents are made; to be a trusted counselor and leader in a great church; to be a trustee in a university; to have the friendship of the great, the confidence and coöperation of his neighbors, the esteem and unalloyed devotion of fifty Sunday-school boys—these are glory and fame enough for one American.

To allure other young Americans to the paths of industry and integrity, and to inflame them with ardor for like honorable fame, is the opportunity which the telling of his story gives.

The family is of German stock. The name was spelled Studebacher at first. Eighty years ago John Studebaker married the wife of his youth, and some years later put all they had, with the children who had already come to bless their home, into a wagon, the first "Studebaker," and, behind an ox team, pushed out over the Alleghanies into the great frontier State of Ohio. There he made a little clearing in the woods, and as neighbors slowly came in, the sturdy father set up his forge at Ashland and the clang of an anvil broke the rural solitudes. One of the chains forged by the elder Studebaker is a parlor ornament in the home of Mr. Studebaker now.

They were a prolific stock, those Studebakers, and following the good old German fashion, which ought never to die out, the children were early put to work. Young "Clem" at the age of eight made his début as an apprentice. Beyond a few minutes' intermission to pitch horseshoes, and an occasional visit to the brookside for an hour's fishing, it was all work and no play for the Studebaker boys. Still, young Clem did not become the dull boy of the proverb. He had a temperament which could stand it. He was phlegmatic, with enough of the choleric and nervous to keep him out of the lymphatic class, and he throve under it. Out of a large family he was "mother's boy," and all the native buoyancy of his mother, and the religious devotion so peculiar to the Dunkard women, were reproduced in him. Many a time he carried the furniture from the big front room to the kitchen to give more room for the preacher of his mother's persuasion. He was mother's boy to the very last. One of the little courtesies he never failed to show her was to go every morning to her home, and kneel with her while they repeated together, "*Unser Vater in dem Himmel.*" Thousands have remarked, as they saw this man of affairs driving in the early morning to the homestead established later in Indiana, "There goes Clem to see his mother."

When Mr. Studebaker was twenty years of age, and possessed of such rudimentary education as the Ohio schools afforded, he "went West" to Indiana. He taught a term of school in St. Joseph County and afterward engaged himself to a threshing machine company. But he soon realized that the St. Joseph River, like some narrow creeds (a witticism he lately perpetrated at a dinner party), was "destined to be damned," and had any number of good days' work wasting along its banks. He therefore concluded to go into business for himself. The new firm was made up of Henry, an elder brother, and Clem. They set up shop with $2.65 in money, which they borrowed, and $68 in tools, which they knew how to use. The picture of these two young giants standing by the forge with their hammers in their hands may point its own moral. They were ready, like Thor, the son of Odin, to hammer out their fortunes: either to find a way or to make one. The new firm shod horses well. The nails which the Studebakers drove, held. They made wagons well. They carried their bar iron from the neighboring hardware store on their shoulders and chuckled over saving the "two bits" which teamsters would have charged for hauling. At this time began the goodly fellowship among those choice spirits, comprising the Portage Township Quoit Club, who still pitch horseshoes once a year. They are all graybeards now, but at the annual meeting these veterans still give pointers to the young fellows on "ringers." It is a question whether Mr. Studebaker's first Government contract for wagons or his recent victory at the annual "pitch" gave him the greater satisfaction.

The Idea that Meant Success

But while Mr. Studebaker pumped the bellows, welded tires and courted young Anna Milburn, well-born, beautiful, capable and accomplished, he hit upon an idea. No great thought, you will say now. It was about like this: If I can hire a man for $1.50 a day and sell the product of his labor for $1.60, and can keep one hundred men at work, then I shall double my own wages. He thus learned what is the veriest platitude in political economy, and he has kept it steadfastly before him ever since. Other things conspired to help the new firm. It was ready to adopt new methods and new mechanisms, and did so. Mr. Studebaker was shrewd enough to cultivate the farmers, who were his patrons. He was careful of his personal appearance and dress; he had patience and courage. When other factories shut down, Mr. Studebaker kept his lathes whirling and his forges hot, piling up the work which his faith assured him would soon be in demand. He had a gift for selecting honest and energetic men for his business, and then trusting them implicitly. He was successful in his courting and married the daughter of the late George Milburn. His wife made a home for him such as few men have had as the vantage ground for their success. He was friendly with his employees without being intimate, looked after their comfort, was approachable and appreciative of merit and faithful service. All these things and others helped mightily. But after all has been said that can be said, the Studebaker philosophy of business success is: Hire a man who can earn good wages, and sell the product of his labor for ten cents more than you pay him. The principle is sound and Mr. Studebaker has successfully worked it. It was the same as getting the deed to an acre of diamonds when he thought that out. The factory of which he has been continuous head and president now covers 110 acres, and has a dozen repositories and 2700 large agencies.

Several incidents will serve to show the sanity of mind and soundness of heart which are so characteristic of the man. Years ago an old friend who had gone from bad to worse through the drink habit came to Mr. Studebaker asking for a recommendation to a very important position. Calling him by his given name Mr. Studebaker said: "Do you think you deserve the recommendation?" "No," said the anxious friend. "Will you live up to it if I give it to you?" said Mr. Studebaker. "Yes, Clem, I will," said the man. He got the recommendation, squared himself for better things, and has nobly stood to the pledge then given.

There is quite as much shrewdness shown in his dealing with a young man who came to him for an increase in wages. The young man now insists that he threw away his cigar before entering the office. Mr. Studebaker thinks he had the stump still in his hand. "I want you to raise me $1.50 a week so I can save something," said the applicant.

"That will be twenty-five cents a day," said Mr. Studebaker. "Yes," was the reply.

"All right; you ought to increase your savings; and by quitting the use of tobacco you will be able to do so."

The young man told the joke to others, and now Mr. Studebaker's employees do not usually smoke in his presence. One young man in his employ, the son of a prominent editor, persisted in smoking a pipe to the disturbance of Mr. Studebaker's serenity of mind. "What will you take for that pipe?" said Mr. Studebaker.

"Fifteen dollars," was the reply.

"I will buy it on condition that you never use another," said the head of the firm. The purchase was never consummated, but the young man discontinued the use of tobacco.

One of the younger men in the office force took to lending money in a small way, and one day consulted Mr. Studebaker about the collateral for a loan that he was proposing to make at twelve per cent. interest. "Don't do it," said Mr. Studebaker.

"Why not? The rate of interest is high and the security is ample."

"No," said Mr. Studebaker; "there is only one better rate than six per cent. and that is seven per cent."

"But is not twelve per cent. better?"

"No; for when you get above seven per cent. on borrowed money in this State, the security is never good."

Firmness in Political Controversy

Mr. Studebaker was a delegate, from the Congressional district in which he resides, to the Chicago convention, in 1880, at which Garfield was nominated. His constituents gave him the honor, well knowing that he was a Grant man, but expecting that the wave of Blaine enthusiasm that was sweeping over the State would carry him into the Blaine camp. This seemed all the more probable since General Harrison was hoping to be the Vice-Presidential nominee. Local politicians were unanimous that the sure way to get the Vice-Presidential nomination for Harrison was to vote solid for Blaine. When things warmed up in the convention, Mr. Studebaker announced himself for Grant, and a Chicago paper began pounding him for not voting to make Indiana solid for the Maine man. Mr. Studebaker told the reporter sent to interview him that Grant had been round the world, was a man of wide observation, absolutely honest, beloved by the army, and that he would not be bullied into supporting any one else. "Blaine will not be nominated," said he sententiously; "it will be Grant or a dark horse." They next tried to switch him to Washburne. "If the Indiana delegation will go unanimously for Washburne, count on my vote," said Mr. Studebaker. This he knew was impossible on the face of it. Then the politicians of his district got up an indignation meeting, between days, while the National Convention was going on, and demanded that Mr. Studebaker vote for Blaine or resign, and let the alternate, who was a Blaine man, do the voting. But the Studebakers are not given to loquacity. Like Von Moltke, they know how to be silent in seven different languages. Besides, Mr. Studebaker has a printed proverb hanging in his office: "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city," and he made no reply to the demand. Finally the Blaine leaders sent General Harrison to him and the Vice-Presidential scheme came to him first hand. Mr. Studebaker said promptly to Mr. Harrison: "You have a great chance for the Presidency in the near future. Do not let the party leaders sidetrack you here and now." So Mr. Studebaker made one of the famous 306 Grant men and wears his medal occasionally with honest pride. His sturdy support of Grant alienated no one from personal friendship. While a delegate-at-large from Indiana in 1888 he supported General Harrison with equal fidelity and ability.

The Studebaker blood is still rich and warm, and the stock is apparently as honest and pure, as virile and pious, as it was in John Studebaker's veins. Mr. Studebaker joined the Methodist church the Sunday after his marriage, and the answer of each family youngster as to his future occupation has always been: "I am going to be a Methodist and a wagon maker."

CLEM STUDEBAKER

Tippecanoe Place, South Bend, Indiana, the home of Clem Studebaker

The Lane that had no Turning

By Gilbert Parker

Copyright, 1900, by Gilbert Parker. Copyright in Great Britain

EIGHTH CHAPTER — FACE TO FACE

AS THE two women approached the mansion where George Fournel lived they saw the door open and a man come hurriedly out into the street. He wore his wrist in a sling.

Madelinette caught Madame Marie's arm. She did not speak, but her heart sank within her. The man was Tardif. He saw them and shuffled over.

"He has the will, and I've not done with you yet—you'll see!" he said, and shaking his fist in Madelinette's face, clattered off into the darkness.

They crossed the street, and Madame Marie knocked at Fournel's door.

It was at once opened, and Madelinette announced herself. The servant stared stonily at first, then, as she mentioned her name and he saw her face, he suddenly became servile, and asked them into a small waiting-room. M. Fournel was at home and should be informed at once of Madame's arrival.

A few moments later the servant, somewhat graver, but as courteous still, came to say that Monsieur would receive her in his library. Madelinette turned toward Madame Marie. The servant understood.

"I shall see that the lady has refreshment," he said. "Will Madame, perhaps, care for refreshment—and a mirror, before Monsieur has the honor?—Madame has traveled far."

In spite of the anxiety of the moment and the great matters at stake, Madelinette could not but smile.

"Thank you," she said; "I hope I'm not so unpresentable."

"A little dust here and there, perhaps, Madame," he said with humble courtesy.

Madelinette was not so heroical as to undervalue the suggestion. Lives, perhaps, were in the balance, but she was a woman, and who could tell what slight influences might turn the scale!

The servant saw her hesitation. "If Madame will but remain here I will bring what is necessary," he said, and was gone. In a moment he appeared again with a silver basin, a mirror, and a few necessaries of the toilet.

"I suppose, Madame," said the servant with fluttered anxiety to show that he knew who she was, "I suppose you have had sometimes to make rough shifts, even in palaces."

She gave him a gold piece. It cheered her in the moment to think that in this forbidding house, on a forbidding mission, to a forbidding man, she had one friend. She made a hasty toilette, and, but for the great paleness of her cheeks, no traces remained of the three days' travel, with their hardship and anxiety. Presently, as the servant ushered her into the presence of George Fournel, even the paleness was warmed a little by the excitement of the moment.

Fournel was standing with his back to the door, looking out into the moonlit night. As she entered he quickly drew the curtains of the windows and turned toward his visitor, a curious, hard, disdainful look in his face. In his hands he held a paper which she knew only too well.

"Madame!" he said, and bowed. Then he motioned her to a chair. He took one himself and sat down beside the great oak writing-desk, and waited for her to speak—waited with a look which sent the blood from her heart to color her cheeks and forehead. She did not speak, however, but looked at him fearlessly. It was impossible for her to humble herself before the latent insolence of his look. It seemed to degrade her out of all consideration. He felt the courage of her defiance, and it moved him. Yet he could but speak in cynical suggestion.

"You had a long, hard and adventurous journey," he said. He arose suddenly and drew a tray toward him. "Will you not have some refreshment?" he added in an even voice. "I fear you have not had time to seek it at an inn. Your messenger has but just gone."

It was impossible for him to do justice to himself, or to let his hospitality rest upon its basis of natural courtesy. It was clear that he was moved with accumulated malice, and he could not hide it.

"Your servant has been hospitable," she said. She plunged at once into the business of her visit.

"Monsieur, that paper you hold——" She stopped for an instant, able to go no further.

"Ah, this—this document you have sent me," he said, opening it with an assumed carelessness. "Your servant had an accident—I suppose we may call it that privately!—as he came. He was fired at, was wounded. You will share with me the hope that the highwayman who stopped him may be brought to justice, though indeed your fellow Tardif left him behind in the dust. Perhaps you came upon him, Madame—*hein?*"

She steeled herself. Too much was at stake; she could not resent his hateful implications now.

"Tardif was not my messenger, Monsieur, as you know. Tardif was the thief of that document in your hands."

"Ah, this—will!" he said musingly, an evil glitter in his eyes. "Its delivery has been long delayed. Posts and messengers are slow from Pontiac."

"Monsieur will hear what I have to say? You have the will—your rights are in your hands. Is not that enough?"

"It is not enough," he answered in a grating voice. "Let us be plain, then, Madame, and as simple as you please. You concealed this will. Not Tardif, but yourself is open to the law!"

She shrank under the brutality of his manner, but she ruled herself to outward composure. She was about to reply when he added with a sneer: "Avarice is a debasing vice—'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house!' 'Thou shalt not steal!'"

"Monsieur," she said calmly, "it would have been easy to destroy the will. Have you not thought of that?"

For a moment he was taken aback, but he said harshly: "If crime were always intelligent it would have fewer penalties."

She shrank again under the roughness of his words. But she was fighting for an end that was dear to her soul, and she answered:

"It was not lack of intelligence, but a sense of honor—yes, a sense of honor!" she insisted, as he threw back his head and laughed. "What do you think might be my reason for concealing the will—if I did conceal it?"

"The answer seems obvious. Why does the wild ass forage with a strange herd, or the pig put his feet in the trough? Not for his neighbor's gain, Madame, not in a thousand years!"

"Monsieur, I have never been spoken to so coarsely. I am a blacksmith's daughter, and I have heard rough men talk in my day; but I have never heard a man—of my own race, at least—so rude to a woman. But I am here, not for my own sake; and I will not go till I have said and done all I have come to say and do. Will you listen to me, Monsieur?"

"I have made my charges; answer them. Disprove this theft"—he held up the will—"this concealment and enjoyment of property not your own, and then ask of me that politeness which makes so beautiful stable and forge at Pontiac!"

"Monsieur, you cannot think that the will was concealed for profit, for the value of the Seigneury of Pontiac. I can earn two such Seigneuries in one year, Monsieur."

"Nevertheless you do not."

"For the same reason that I did not bring or send that will to you when I found it, Monsieur. And for that same reason I have come to ask you not to take advantage of that will."

He was about to interpose angrily, but she continued: "Whatever the rental may be that you in justice feel should be put upon the Seigneury I will pay—from the hour my husband entered on the property, its heir, as he believed. Put such rental on the property, do not disturb Monsieur Racine in his position as it is, and I will double that rental."

"Do not think, Madame, that I am as avaricious as you."

"Is it avaricious to offer double the worth of the rental?"

"There is the title and distinction. You married a mad nobody; you wish to retain an honor that belongs to me."

"I am asking it for my husband's sake, not my own, believe me, Monsieur."

"And what do you expect *me* to do for his sake, Madame?"

"What humanity would suggest. Ah, I know what you would say: he tried to kill you; he made you fight him. But he has repented of that. He is ill, he is—crippled; he cherishes the Seigneury beyond its worth a thousand times."

"He cherishes it at my expense. So, you must not disturb the man who robs you of house and land and tries to kill you, lest he should be disturbed and not sleep o' nights. Come, Madame, that is too thin!"

"He might kill you, but he would not rob you, Monsieur. Do you think that if he knew that will existed he would be now at the Seigneury, or I here? I know you hate Louis Racine——"

"With ample reason."

"You hate him more because he defeated you once than because he tried to kill you. Oh, I do not know the rights or wrongs of that great case at law; I only know that Louis Racine was not the judge or jury, but the advocate only, whose duty it was to do as he did. That he did it the more gladly because he was a Frenchman and you an Englishman was not his fault or yours either. Louis Racine's people came here two hundred years ago, yours not sixty years ago. You, the great business man, have had practical power which gave you riches. You have sacrificed all for power. Louis Racine has only genius, and no practical power——"

"A dangerous fanatic and dreamer," he interjected.

"A dreamer, if you will, with no practical power, for he never thought of himself, and 'practical power' is usually all self. He dreamed—he gave his heart and soul up for *ideas*. Englishmen do not understand that. Do you not know—you do know—that, had he chosen, he might have been rich, too, for his brains would have been of great use to men of practical power like yourself."

She paused. Fournel did not answer, but sat as though reading the will intently.

"Was it strange that he should dream of a French sovereign state here, where his people came and first possessed the land? Can you wonder that this dreamer, when the Seigneury of Pontiac came to him, felt as if a new life were opened up to him, and saw a way to some of his ambitions? They were sad, mistaken ambitions, doomed to failure, but they were also his very heart, which he would empty out gladly for an idea. The Seigneury of Pontiac came to him, and I married him——"

"Evidently bent upon wrecking the chances of a great career," interrupted Fournel over the paper.

"Ah, no. I also cared more for ideas than sordid things of life. It is in our blood, you see"—she was talking with less restraint now, for she saw he was listening, despite assumed indifference—"and Pontiac was dearer to me than all else in the world. Louis Racine belonged there. You—what sort of place would you, an Englishman, have occupied at the Seigneury of Pontiac! What kind——"

He got suddenly to his feet. He was a man of strange whims and vanities, and his resentment at his exclusion from the Seigneury of Pontiac had become *une idée fixe*. He had hugged the thought of its possession before M. de la Rivière died, as a man humbly born prides himself on the distinguished lineage of his wife. His great schemes were completed, he was a rich man, and he had pictured himself retiring to this Seigneury, a peaceful and practical figure, living out his days in a refined repose which his earlier life had never known. She had touched the raw nerves of his secret vanity.

"What kind of Seigneur would I make, eh? What sort of figure would I cut in Pontiac?" He laughed loudly. "By Heaven, Madame, you shall see! For you and he shall leave there in disgrace before another week goes around. I have you both in my 'practical power,' and I will squeeze satisfaction out of you. I did not move against his outrage and assault, but I will move to purpose now. He is a ruffianly interloper, and you, Madame, the law would call by another name!"

She got quickly to her feet and came a step nearer to him. Leaning a hand on the table, she bent toward him slightly. Something seemed to possess her that transfigured her face and gave it a sense of power and confidence. Her eyes fixed themselves steadily on him.

"Monsieur," she said, "you may call me what you will, and I will bear it, for you have been sorely injured. You are angry because I seemed to think an Englishman was not fitted to be Seigneur of Pontiac. We French are a people of sentiments and ideas; we make idols of trifles, and we die for fancies. We dream, we have shrines for memories. These things you despise. You would give us justice and make us rich by what you call 'progress.' Ah, Monsieur, that is not enough. We are not born to appreciate you. Our hearts are higher than our heads, and, under a flag that conquered us, they cling together. Was it strange that I should think Louis Racine better suited to be Seigneur at Pontiac?"

She paused, as though expecting him to answer, but he only looked inquiringly at her, and she continued:

"My husband used you ill, but he is no interloper. He took what the law gave him; what has been in his family for

wer two hundred years. Monsieur, it has meant more to him than a hundred times greater honor could to you. When his trouble came—when"—she paused as though it was difficult to speak—"when the other—legacy—of his family descended on him, that Seigneury became to him the one compensation of his life. By right of it only could he look the world in the face—or me"

She stopped suddenly, for her voice choked her

Will you please continue?" said Fournel, opening and shutting the will in his hand, and looking at her with a curious new consideration

Fame came to me as his trouble came to him. It was hard for him to go among men, but, ah, can you think how he dreaded the day when I should return to Pontiac? I will tell you the whole truth, Monsieur." She drew herself up proudly. "I loved—Louis. He came into my heart with its first great dream, and before life—the business of life—really began. He was one with the best part of me, the girlhood in me which—which is dead!'

Fournel arose, and in a low voice said, ' Will you not sit down?" He motioned to a chair

She shook her head. "Ah, no, please. Let me say all quickly and while I have the courage. I loved him, and he loved and loves me. I love that love in which I married him, and I love his love for me. It is indestructible, because it is in the fibre of my life. It has nothing to do with ugliness or beauty, or fortune or misfortune, or shame or happiness, or sin or holiness. When it becomes part of us, it must go on in one form or another, but it cannot die. It lives in breath and song and thought and work and words. That is the wonder of it, the pity of it, and the joy of it. Because it is so, because love would shield the beloved from itself if need be, and from all the terrors of the world at any cost, I have done what I have done. I did it at cost of honesty, but it was for his sake; at the price of my peace, but to spare him. Ah, Monsieur, the days of life are not many for him his shame and his futile aims are killing him. The clouds will soon close over, and his vexed brain and body will be still. To spare him the last turn of the wheel of torture, to give him the one bare honor left him yet a little while, I have given up my work of life to comfort him; I concealed—I stole, if you will—the document you hold. And, God help me! I would do it again, and yet again, if I lost my soul forever, Monsieur! Oh, Monsieur, I know that in his madness he would have killed you, but it was his suffering, not a bad heart, that would have made him do it. Do a sorrowful woman a great kindness and spare him, Monsieur!"

She had held the man motionless and staring. When she ended, he got to his feet and came near to her

There was a curious look in his face, half struggle, half mysterious purpose

The way is easy to a hundred times as much!" he said in a low, meaning voice, and his eyes boldly held hers ' You are doing a chivalrous sort of thing that only a woman would do—for duty; do something for another reason—for what a woman would do—for the blood of youth that is in her He reached out a hand to lay it on her arm. ' Ask of me what you will, if you but put your hand in mine and——

Monsieur!' she said pale and gasping, "do you think so ill of me, then? Do I seem to you like——?" She turned away, her eyes dry and burning, her body trembling with shame

You are here alone with me at night," he persisted. "It would not be easy to——

Death would be easy, Monsieur she said calmly and coldly. "My husband tried to kill you. You would do—ah, let me pass!" she said with a sudden fury. "You! If you were a million times richer, if you could ruin me forever, do you think—

Hush, Madame!" he said with a sudden change of voice and a manner all reverence. "I do not think. I spoke only to hear you speak in reply only to know to the uttermost what you were. Madame," he added in a shaking voice, "I did not know that such a woman lived Madame, I could have sworn there was none in the world" Then in a quicker, huskier note he added: "Eighteen years ago a woman nearly spoiled my life. She was as beautiful as you, but her heart was tainted. Since then I have never believed in any woman—never till now I have said that all were purchasable—at a price. I unsay that now. I have not believed in any one——

Oh, Monsieur!" she said with a quick, impulsive gesture toward him, and her face lighting with sympathy

I was struck too hard——"

She touched his arm and said gently: Some are hurt in one way and some in another; all are hurt some time, but

' You shall have your way," he interrupted, and moved apart

' Ah, Monsieur, Monsieur, it is a noble act——" she hurriedly answered, then with a sudden cry rushed toward him, for he was lighting the will at the flame of a candle near him

' Ah, but no, no, no, you shall not do it' she cried ' I only asked it for while he lives—ah!'

She collapsed with a cry of despair, for he had held the flaming paper above her reach, and its ashes were now s attering on the floor

' You will let me give you some wine?' he said quietly, and poured out a glassful

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

"By right of it only could he look the world in the face — or me"

The Housekeeping of the President

By H. Gilson Gardner

THE President of the United States has no advantage over any ordinary citizen when it comes to hiring a cook or settling grocery bills. There is no official chef connected with the White House, or any appropriation to buy oatmeal and beefsteak. Mr. McKinley gets his house rent free, and he has the use of the china and silver ware, as well as the furniture which he finds on the premises; the rest he must provide out of his salary of fifty thousand dollars a year. There is an office force of clerks in the Executive Mansion and half a dozen doorkeepers and a fireman, all of whom are paid by the Government, but the only Government employee connected with the President's private establishment is the steward, who receives a yearly salary of $1800 The position is a rather responsible one, and the incumbent is under a heavy bond; he is held accountable for all the movable property connected with the President s official residence, and at the end of every year must give a written account of each article. This includes china, bric-à-brac, and even the common crockery and tin plates used in the kitchen. If any of the table ware is broken the pieces must be produced; and it is the custom to send them to an auction shop in their damaged condition, and sell them to the highest bidder. Worn out carpets, window curtains and similar furnishings are disposed of in the same way. Experience has shown that the mere fact of association with the White House gives these second-hand articles a greatly enhanced value, and an old bottle or dish which has done duty on the President s table will sell to a collector for more than it cost when new This is particularly true of table ware which has some distinguishing mark upon it, as a broken plate from one of the state sets, with the portrait of the President and the official coat of arms

The Executive Mansion really consists of two separate establishments, one public and the other private. For the public section, a carriage is provided; and when the President is acting as the administrative officer of the Government, and wishes to go from the office of the White House to some other office or department, on Government business, he is at liberty to use the official White House carriage But when he goes driving for pleasure he does so at his own expense

The same rule applies in the entire domestic economy of the President's official residence. He hires and pays all the servants, from Mrs. McKinley's maid to the assistant washer of dishes. As a matter of convenience, however, the general management of these affairs is intrusted to the steward. The present incumbent is a colored man, William T. Sinclair, who was brought to Washington by President Cleveland, and who has proved himself so efficient that he has been retained in office He is said to be as "canny" as a Scotsman, and he looks after things with an eye of exceeding thrift

It is Mr. Sinclair who does the marketing for the President's table He owns a horse and a light road-wagon and every morning before the sun is up he climbs into his rig and drives to one of the markets and to the various green grocer and butcher shops. He feels the bones in the chickens' breasts, thumps the watermelons to test their ripeness, and keeps a wary eye on the huckster while he picks out his best green corn and tenderest celery

There are none in this country, even in Washington, corresponding to the foreign tradesmen who boast that they purvey exclusively to Royalty." There are no special jelly-makers or picklers "to his Excellency the President Nor do the shopkeepers make capital of the fact that they sell to the White House. If they are fortunate enough to get orders from this quarter they keep very quiet about it, for experience has taught them that any exploitation of the fact will result in the immediate stoppage of these orders This is the result of a standing order by the President. It was long ago found to be necessary that measures be taken to guard against schemes for securing advertisement in this manner, and the precautions have been very effective. There are plenty of merchants who would gladly supply the President's table free of charge if they were permitted to make public mention of the fact In spite of all that can be done, large quantities of mineral waters, wines, breakfast foods, condiments and provisions are constantly sent to the White House. They are turned over to the steward, and he disposes of them as he desires No letters of thanks or acknowledgment are sent to the donors Sometimes they get a printed circular saying that it is the policy of the Administration to discourage the practice of sending such presents, and offering to return the same at the cost of the consignee.

The President's family being small, the McKinley table is seldom laid for more than six people There are a few friends who drop in informally, and there are generally one or two visitors at the Executive Mansion. Mr. McKinley is a hearty eater, and is particularly fond of fruits. Meat is served for breakfast, which is eaten at 8:30 in the morning luncheon is at 1:30, and consists of fruit, tea, cold meats, hot biscuits, and possibly a soufflé or some similar dish Dinner is at six o'clock and generally consists of the four ordinary courses, soup, fish, meat, with an entrée and salad, and dessert After dinner the President sits on the veranda at the rear of the White House and smokes a cigar. Then he returns to business, and keeps at it until nearly midnight

The cost of running Mr McKinley's table, exclusive of the state banquets, is said on good authority to be less than $3000 a year. The official functions are heavy items of expense in the President's domestic economy One of the big formal dinners where sixty four guests are entertained will cost nearly $1000 Even the cut flowers have to be paid for by the President, the White House conservatories not yielding enough for such occasions.

In spite of all extra expense the President seldom has occasion to spend his entire salary With his quiet habits of life and devotion to work, Mr. McKinley will probably save more than most of his predecessors

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA
421 to 427 Arch Street

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1900

$1.00 the Year by Subscription
5 Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

A Year's Subscription to the Post for $1.00

A NEW century brings new conditions and new methods of meeting them. Fifty years ago the average American was content to get his news once a week and to pay five cents for a few columns of it. Now he demands it twice a day, with relays hourly when things are happening in Africa and China, and thinks a cent enough to pay for it.

The Curtis Publishing Company bought The Saturday Evening Post because it believed that the public which demands its newspaper twice a day, would want a popular literary magazine once a week; and that though the day of the weekly newspaper might be dead, the day of the weekly magazine had only just dawned, provided it adjusted itself to the new conditions and rightly gauged the demand of the twentieth century public. And that demand, it felt, would be for a magazine of the best quality that money and brains could make, sold at as low a price as modern machinery and methods could produce it

To improve the quality and at the same time lower the price of a publication, two things are necessary—a great circulation and the best machinery that human ingenuity can devise. The first has been achieved, for The Saturday Evening Post has a weekly circulation of a quarter of a million, and new subscriptions are coming in at the rate of a thousand a day. Again, its ten new presses have just been installed in its new eight-story building, which, together with its old facilities, give it the largest and most complete periodical plant in the world

This addition to the equipment of The Curtis Publishing Company, with the auxiliary machinery specially designed for The Saturday Evening Post, the whole involving an outlay of half a million dollars, will enable it to lessen the mechanical cost of the magazine, and to print the edition of 500,000 weekly toward which it is rapidly growing. And this cheapening of cost and increase of circulation will permit the publishers to make permanent the price which, under old conditions, they were able to put out only as a special and limited offer—a year's subscription to The Saturday Evening Post, fifty-two numbers, including the regular monthly double numbers and the special holiday issues, for one dollar.

Drifting Through the Political Doldrums

THE politicians on both sides are bewailing, and with reason, the "apathy" that prevails in this campaign. It is the simple, literal truth to say that no Presidential contest within the memory of the present generation—and, it is pretty safe to add, none since the unopposed second election of Monroe—has been so destitute of every trace of popular excitement. Where are the blazing bonfires, the cheering thousands, the frantic crowds arguing on street corners, to which we have been accustomed in former years? It used to be said that a Presidential campaign upset business for six months. The battle of 1888 was on from the moment when President Cleveland sent in his tariff message in December, 1887, and raged ferociously for eleven months. This year the national life glided on, unruffled by politics, until October, although the interests dependent upon the election are vaster than any known since the Civil War.

Why is it that the people have ceased to excite themselves about politics? Is it not that, for the moment, a feeling of disillusionment is abroad—a feeling that, after all, political struggles are mostly sham battles, and that it is foolish for the citizen to work himself up over the moves in a game that is played by cool headed politicians for their own ends? Men could be enthusiastic partisans in old times—they could toss up their beaver hats and gorge hard cider when "Maine went, hell-bent, for Governor Kent"—but they have become cynical now, and they do not much care how Maine goes The tense anxiety before a Presidential election used to be almost agonizing. In their suspense the excited combatants used to count the hours until the first returns would come in, and they could hardly sleep in the final week. Nobody is losing any sleep now. There was a certain excitement in 1896, because there was a widespread belief among the voters that their living depended on the result, but it was the sort of feeling that prevails among the clerks in a department store when there is an uncertainty about their jobs, not the high-strung political passion of former Presidential campaigns.

Will the present lassitude continue? Let us hope not, for when the people of a Republic cease to take an interest in politics the Republic is over-ripe and ready for decay. It is not politics, but politicians, that the people are weary of just now. The statesmanship of the past is dead and that of the future is not yet born. For the moment we are passing through the political doldrums. But we shall strike the trade winds again on the other side

In the year 1788 there were four States each with fewer white inhabitants than are living to-day in Colorado, and in each there was engaged in active politics an incomparably greater array of statesmanlike ability than can be found to-day among the seventy-five million inhabitants of the Union There is as much talent in the country now as then, but it is turned in other directions. But the vast political interests of our time will not be allowed to remain forever in sordid or incompetent hands. The stirrings of a new interest in public affairs are abroad, and the Republic in its giant maturity will yet command as devoted service as it enjoyed in its tottering infancy. —SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.

In separating the wheat from the chaff the fall harvester naturally ignores the campaign speeches

The Curious Condition of the Suffrage

ONE of the most interesting facts of the times is the condition of the elective franchise in this closing year of a century that has contributed more to human freedom than all that went before. It is not that liberty is any the less, but that the differences in suffrage laws are so vast

For instance, the Government of the United States in framing the regulations for voting in the new islands placed in them restrictions more severe than those of any of its States. In other words President McKinley's Administration promulgated a qualified suffrage. In the elections which were held in Cuba not one-third of the men of voting age could vote. The same law in Ohio would keep tens of thousands of voters away from the polling booths.

In the Southern States there has been a candid and earnest movement to disfranchise the negro. The consequence is that the vote is cut down hundreds of thousands, and interesting comparisons result. South Carolina, in 1896, casting less than 70,000 votes, had nine votes in the electoral college, while Minnesota, casting over 340,000, had the same number. This year the proportions will be even greater.

The same law that was used in Cuba, if applied to the United States, would cut down the Presidential vote several millions. A clear law, giving every one twenty-one years of age and over who is not a criminal or a pauper, or an idiot, the right to vote, would increase it several millions.

Municipal conditions improve slowly. For instance, in the ward where the Declaration of Independence was written there are thousands of illegal votes cast at every election.

Massachusetts will allow no one to vote who cannot read and write the English language, while Mississippi confines the suffrage to those who can read or understand the Constitution. Such contrasts can be found in many of the other State laws. There is, in fact, even after a century of suffrage legislation, no uniformity except in the fact that most of the States have the mechanical arrangement of the Australian system or some modification of it

To carry the illustration still farther we find that there are many people who could not vote at the election held in Cuba under the United States Government, who would have been allowed to vote in England or in English colonies The theory of our system is the individual, while English suffrage is based largely upon property. The disqualified are aliens, minors, lunatics, idiots, drunken persons, police magistrates, traitors, peers and persons employed at an election—a really broader law than can be found in many of the American States to-day

The right of women to vote is conceded in every civilized land, although most of the States have yet to pass laws permitting it. In other countries it is generally confined to the women who have property, the suffrage being based upon the property qualification. In Colorado, Idaho and Wyoming women are permitted to vote at all elections, and in many of the States they take part in public-school elections.

In the differences and the contrasts of the suffrage at present it is difficult to say what the special evolution will be, but certainly there is a strong disposition to base it both on property and on education, either together or as alternatives

The evident thing is that after all our great strides in civilization we have not yet reached real intelligence in the average vote. —LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

The modern bride prefers less fashion in the ceremony and more of it after the wedding.

The Rush to Failure in the City

SOME published fragments of the new census statistics are very depressing to the old-fashioned yet very sensible people who have been hoping that the movement of villagers and country people to the large cities had been checked

What is the meaning of the continuous rush to the cities? The old explanation was that farmers' sons and daughters wearied of work that was never finished; they had heard of city demands for labor and of city wages, payable always in cash and at stated dates. They had also heard of city pleasures, some of which were said to cost nothing, while others were very cheap. But young people do not constitute the whole body of people who are crowding into the cities, for mechanics and artisans of all kinds are in the throng, for in the villages and country districts employment is irregular and pay uncertain. The more aspiring of them hope for the larger opportunities and recognition that the country dares not promise; they know, too, that such of their children as incline to study may become fairly, even highly, educated in the city without special cost to their parents. Of the "seamy" side of city life they know nothing, for their acquaintances who "went to town" have not returned to tell about it; few of them could return if they would. The few who go back to the old homesteads are the men who have succeeded, and in any village such a man in effect resembles a gold-laden miner from Cape Nome or the Klondike; his example threatens to depopulate the town

Nevertheless, the rural districts are not going to be depopulated, except when their soil is very poor and their malaria over-rich. A countryward movement started in some cities a few years ago, and it has been increasing in volume; it may be almost invisible in some localities, for three million square miles is an area so great that any city's overflow might be lost in it. The men who are trying scientific farming are all from the cities and they have carried their city ideas with them. As a rule, city brain and city money are suggesting and backing the rural attempts to have good roads, pure water, perfect drainage, high farming, high-grade schools, free libraries and many other ameliorations of old-time conditions. Yet in one respect the city man in the country is a disappointment to all classes of the dissatisfied, for when they talk of going to the city he persistently says "Don't," and he supports his advice with a dismal array of facts and figures. —JOHN HARBERTON.

When a man loves a woman he tells her so When a woman loves a man she helps him to find it out.

The Bacillus of Printer's Ink

SAID Sir Philip Sidney: "Overmastered by some thoughts, I yielded an inky tribute unto them." The dash of black crinkles trailed across a white page has had an irresistible fascination ever since the Cadmean invention reached a fluid state. From Sidney's day to ours the passion for the "inky tribute" has grown almost immeasurably. Indeed, writing seems to have got beyond the bounds of practical control, so that it threatens to pass into the automatic stage. Once upon a day authorship was a distinction, even in some measure a consecration; now it is one of the human passions to be listed with anger, hatred, revenge, love, reverence, ambition, despair and golf. Everybody writes a book

The most remarkable part of this literary madness is the high quality of its results. Never before in the world's history has there been such a flood of good books as we are now having poured upon us. Probably we do not realize the splendor to which we have gradually become accustomed. Of course each one of us feels perfectly sure-footed on a lone, high peak of Parnassus; but this self-satisfaction does not aid in the matter of taking a comprehensive and sympathetic estimate of contemporary literature. A hundred years hence there may be due appreciation at least of our enthusiasm and our universal literary devotion; unless the desire for making inky tribute to every thought shall increase until the love of letters shall be smothered under its own harvest heaps, the very immensity of the riches cloying ambition and crushing the power of appreciation. It is not mere art activity at which one's eyes turn with a blurred vision as the pens increase and the ink spreads farther and wider. Every nook and corner of life demands expression, every business, calling, taste, every variation of experience, every aspiration, practical or impractical, clamors, so to say, for a place in literature. Indeed, we no longer expect a few masters of form and style to lord it as of old in the pages of our journals and magazines. The leading article may be by a prize-fighter, a horse-tamer, or a baseball player, while following it comes a parade of essays by statesmen, soldiers and gold-miners. Poems appear here and there, squeezed flat and thin between the heavy literature of science and war. The presses run night and day to keep up the indiscriminate deluge of "literature," while the name is fast dissociating itself from the select and special art which once gladdened the world with a rare bouquet of genius. Ours is a wonderful age; its literature is of colossal proportions, some of it marvelously imbued with human energy; but when again shall the book-lover pick up something as fresh to his age as was the poetry of Keats to the readers who haunted the book stalls seventy years ago? —MAURICE THOMPSON

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

GENERAL LEONARD WOOD

The Progress of Freedom in Cuba

The first Monday of November, which will be the fifth day of the month, will be a red-letter date in the history of Cuba. Then will begin the convention to frame a constitution for the island. The men who will participate and who will do the work are those elected on the fifteenth of September from the six provinces of the island. The election itself and the personality of the men make the event one of importance in the records of free government and constitutional progress. The convention will be composed of seven members from the province of Santiago, two members from the province of Puerto Principe, seven members from the province of Santa Clara, four members from the province of Matanzas, eight members from the province of Havana, and three members from the province of Pinar del Rio—thirty-one delegates in all.

Nothing can better illustrate the plans and purposes of this convention than the following, which was promulgated by the Military Governor of Cuba in announcing the date and the conditions of the election:

"*Whereas*, the Congress of the United States by its joint resolution of April 20, 1898, declared:

"'That the people of the Island of Cuba are, and of right ought to be, free and independent.

"'That the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction or control over said Island except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination, when that is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the Island to its people;'

"*And, Whereas*, the people of Cuba have established municipal governments, deriving their authority from the suffrages of the people given under just and equal laws, and are now ready, in like manner, to proceed to the establishment of a general government which shall assume and exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction and control over the Island;

"*Therefore, it is ordered* that a general election be held in the Island of Cuba on the third Saturday of September, in the year nineteen hundred, to elect delegates to a convention to meet in the city of Havana, at twelve o'clock noon on the first Monday of November, in the year nineteen hundred, to frame and adopt a constitution for the people of Cuba, and, as a part thereof, to provide for and agree with the Government of the United States upon the relations to exist between that Government and the Government of Cuba, and to provide for the election by the people of officers under such constitution and the transfer of government to the officers so elected."

Illiteracy Among the Cubans

In the early part of the present year a census of Cuba was taken, under the authority and direction of the United States War Department. The principal purpose was to ascertain how many males there were of twenty-one years of age and over and to classify them according to race, nationality, citizenship, literacy and superior education.

It was found that in Cuba the total number of male citizens of voting age was 417,993, of whom 187,813 were whites born in Cuba, 96,088 whites born in Spain, 6,704 whites born in other countries, and 127,298 colored, including blacks, mixed and Chinese.

More than one half of the white Cuban citizens were unable to read, and of the colored Cuban citizens three out of four were illiterates. Altogether about one-half of the voting population were able to read.

The total population of Cuba is placed at 1,572,797, of whom 910,298 are native whites, and 734,638 are negroes. The foreign whites bring the total white population to 1,052,516. Of both sexes over thirty-five per cent can read and write, and about twenty thousand are highly educated.

Peaceful Election Days in Cuba

It adds to the interest of the voting in Cuba to know that both election days were reported to be models of their kind. We all know what a hotly contested municipal election means in this country. In June Cuba passed through the experience, and in all Havana, the leading city, where the campaign was warmest, not a single fight occurred, and not a drunken man was seen on the streets. In each case the Australian system was used and worked with perfect satisfaction.

The Americans present testified that the Cubans behaved even better than the average election crowd in one of the States. They were keen in the use of election methods and the getting out of their vote, but the voting itself was promptly and peacefully done.

In these new elections the polls were open from six in the morning until six in the evening, and the usual judges and watchers presided over the ballot boxes.

The Cuban Opposition to the United States

Within fifty years has Cuba fought two bloody wars for independence. In these the lives of thousands of her best people were sacrificed. Every memory of the past, every consideration of faith and every ambition of race combined to make the Cubans more zealous than ever for the right to govern themselves. Señor Salvador Cisneros y Betancourt, who was twice President of the Island Republic, came to the United States two weeks before the election and laid before President McKinley a protest against the United States taking any part in the Constitutional Convention. In articles and interviews he called for the immediate withdrawal of the United States troops from Cuba. The petition itself states that the Cubans have demonstrated to the world that they are a law-abiding people fully capable of self government and entitled to absolute independence. "The time has come," it recites, "for the intervention of the United States to cease, and the Government of the United States to leave the Cubans to enjoy fully their sovereignty and absolute independence by withdrawing from Cuba all the American troops."

Señor Cisneros did not hesitate to attack the rule of the United States in Cuba. He charged that the military authorities had been arbitrary, acting as conquerors in a conquered land; that they discriminated against the Cuban people and in favor of carpet-baggers from the United States; that they had used patronage for their favorites and robbed the public treasury; that hundreds of thousands of dollars had been stolen; and his arraignment included the following:

"It is a fact, however humiliating its admission must be both to Cubans and Americans, that a great deal less has been done by the military government in Cuba to repair the ravages of war and to restore to the country its lost prosperity than was done by the Government of Spain during the same period of time at the close of the bloody ten years' war."

Not a Pleasant Record

This sounds very serious, and there is no doubt that the Americans have not reflected much credit on the United States by the quality of some of the administration and economy which they have displayed in Cuba. The pilfering of the postal revenues and the legal delays that have followed are an acknowledged disgrace to this country.

The very fact that Governor-General Wood, after his appointment, was able to save $100,000 a year in lopping off superfluities shows the condition of things, and it is being freely charged in our own campaign that the investigation into Cuban scandals ordered by the United States Senate has been postponed, for party reasons, until after the Presidential election.

Some Work to Be Done

Most people would probably like to see the United States leave Cuba at once and hand it over to its own citizens, but there again we come against grave obstacles. The party feeling has been running high among the Cubans, and instead of electing the men best qualified to consider constitutional questions there was a disposition to fill the convention with extremists who knew more about guerilla warfare than they did about statesmanship. There were exceptions to this rule, of course, but in a public speech General Wood felt constrained to say: "Your delegates must be competent to draft a constitution, and it is the duty you owe yourselves and your fellow patriots to see that your representatives are without party prejudice. Bear in mind that no constitution which does not provide for a stable government will be accepted by the United States. You want liberty for all, and for no particular party. The United States insists that you have it."

The very fact that in this General Wood set a standard which was probably beyond the people of his own country does not make so very much difference.

The main purport was that the United States intends to supervise the convention, to keep track of its proceedings, to see whether or not its work is satisfactory, and to hold Cuba until it is reasonably satisfied that it can get along by itself.

And this supervision the Cubans vigorously resent.

MAJOR GENERAL JOHN R. BROOKE

Suffrage Qualifications in Cuba

The figures of illiteracy make all the more interesting the elections which have been held in Cuba during the present year, and especially the conditions which govern them. We have been reading a great deal and hearing a great deal about the qualifications for the suffrage in our own country. Some of the Southern States have come in for a large share of criticism over the new laws which practically disfranchise the negroes. It happens, however, that some of the Northern States have educational and property qualifications, although not intended for racial distinctions. The rules and regulations for the election of September 15 were formulated and promulgated by the War Department of the United States Government, being printed in both English and Spanish, and signed by J. B. Hickey, the Assistant Adjutant-General. We quote from the official announcement:

Voters at this election must possess one of the following qualifications: (a) Ability to read and write; (b) ownership of real or personal property to the value of two hundred and fifty dollars, American gold; (c) service in the Cuban army prior to July 18, 1898, and honorable discharge therefrom, whether a native Cuban or not."

It is furthermore provided that the voter must be a native male Cuban or the son of a native male Cuban, or a Spaniard included within the provisions of the Treaty of Paris, who has not made declaration of his decision to preserve his allegiance to the Crown of Spain.

It can thus be seen that the conditions of the suffrage in Cuba were more strict in both of the elections than in any State of the United States. In other words, the Government itself has in Cuba set an example of qualified suffrage, and the result is that only one out of [illegible] male adults can exercise the voting privilege at the polls.

The Financial Outlook of the Island

It will probably take the convention several months to get through its work. Then will follow the usual delays in the editing of its report and in putting it into force, if indeed it is accepted by the United States. We shall have Cuba under our charge for at least a small part of the twentieth century.

The great fear is that if this country lets go too soon it will have to take hold again. The conditions are not altogether promising and one fact is especially disturbing. Over eighty million dollars is claimed by the native troops, and with this pressure from all parts of the island it is feared that there might be issues of bonds and securities that would rapidly and permanently cripple the finances of the island. The revenues are now between seventeen and twenty million dollars a year, and they will not exceed the latter sum for several years to come.

The Good Done by Americans

An impartial judgment of American rule in Cuba, begun under the governorship of General Brooke, is that despite its deficiencies it has done wonderful good. You cannot in a day overturn an old system and put a new civilization on its foundations. There must be the trusting of new men, and the fact that a few are recreant to their duties should not convict the whole policy of a great and impartial Government.

The men from the United States have done several great things. They have organized the police admirably; they have administered the finances more ably than ever before in Cuba's history; they have taken a complete census; they have banished actual suffering, and worked heroically for the best interests of the island. In the courts improvements have been made, and in the public schools and the postal service Cuba has been changed as if by magic. So taking all in all the Cuba of to-day is in better condition, and in a better position, than it ever has been in the past.

Tales for the Traveling Public

By P. S. Eustis

GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT, CHICAGO, BURLINGTON AND QUINCY RAILROAD

THE major part of all mistakes in the handling of baggage in the United States is due to the carelessness of the public instead of to the fault of the system or of the men who execute it. Let me illustrate one of the most common combinations of circumstances causing the miscarriage of baggage Your trunk is delivered at the depot in Burlington, Iowa, and you deliver it to the baggageman there with the instruction to Check to La Grange." Your home is in La Grange, Illinois, and it does not occur to you that there is another La Grange on the face of the earth. But the baggageman, not being a mind reader, naturally infers that you intended to say La Grange, Missouri, a point comparatively near Burlington and one to which he is called upon to check baggage every day in the week, perhaps. You pocket the check which plainly reads, "La Grange, Missouri," and take the east-bound train for La Grange, Illinois, while your trunk is forwarded to the little station of like name in Missouri. Arriving home, you discover that your trunk has miscarried, and you state with great emphasis to your local agent that you told the Burlington baggageman to check the piece to "La Grange, *Illinois*." Your home station agent immediately telegraphs the General Baggage Agent as follows: "Short C. B. Q. way 16,781 from Burlington, Iowa, No 16, 31st"—which being translated reads in effect, that he requests a piece of baggage bearing C. B. & Q way check 16,781, which should have come forward from Burlington, Iowa, on train No. 16, December 31. The General Baggage Agent then wires the agent at Burlington, who consults his records and finds that the trunk in question was checked to La Grange, Missouri. He wires the agent there to forward your trunk to La Grange, Illinois, on the first train. There is no through train from this little Missouri station to La Grange, Illinois, and your trunk must start on its home journey on a local train to Burlington. When it arrives there it is tossed into the baggage car of the east bound train and in due time is unloaded at your home station. Forever afterward you condemn the American system of baggage handling on the basis of what is really your own error and not that of the baggageman or of the system

Occasionally a piece of baggage disappears altogether. No trace whatever can be found of it. This condition has brought about the practice of requiring every baggageman to make a weekly report to his superior, describing, in detail, every piece of unclaimed baggage on hand In cases of this kind we have claims from the owners for the value of lost trunks and their contents, and we have learned to read without uncharitable comment the long and formidable lists of valuable articles in lost trunks, bags and telescopes. Without reference to the few cases of gross fraud in such claims, it is cause for wonder why people so commonly overvalue the articles contained in trunks they have lost. Underclothing which has evidently done service for years is generally valued at the price of new goods, and worn out handkerchiefs are ordinarily appraised at four dollars a dozen; but there are records of claims which do not belong in this class and which will illustrate the difficulties against which baggagemen are compelled constantly to contend.

An Attempt to Cheat the Road

Not long ago a woman checked two trunks to Grand Island, Nebraska. In some mysterious manner they disappeared Her claim for damages was about six hundred dollars, and the list of articles said to have been locked inside those two trunks was simply appalling in its extent, to say nothing of its value. A close description established the fact that she was a woman in moderate circumstances, but an operatic prima donna of the first magnitude would have been proud of the advertising resulting from the publication of that list of lost articles

The claimant went to Idaho to reside, and after a lengthy correspondence we declined to pay her demand, having spent much time and money in a searching investigation which compelled the conclusion that the claim was fraudulent. As a result the woman brought suit and, of course, had to file in court a sworn statement enumerating the lost articles and their value, together with a minute description of the trunks in which they were contained To a committee of ladies selected from among her neighbors we submitted two trunks of the size and description of the ones lost, and requested these ladies to select from the stock of a local store an invoice of articles corresponding exactly with the list claimed by the woman. This they did Then they were requested to select from their number two women who were known to be masters in the art of trunk packing. These experts then proceeded to pack the collection of articles into the two trunks. Their best efforts were put forth, but they were able to pack less than two-thirds of the articles inside the trunks. This unique demonstration resulted in an indefinite postponement of the trial of the case

About this time occurred one of those clearance sales of unclaimed baggage which all railroads hold annually, and among the pieces thus sent to the auction block were two trunks from Kearney, Nebraska. By chance they were recognized as the two trunks lost by the Idaho claimant. They were opened and positively identified as hers and were taken by a special agent to her home. A liberal valuation of the contents could not have exceeded seventy-five dollars The agent was instructed to deliver them to her and to secure a release in full of all claims for damages, together with cash sufficient to cover the expenses incurred in the investigation and its consequent suit at law

These conditions were promptly complied with by the woman, who will probably never again attempt to extort money from a railroad company on a "stuffed" baggage claim

Difficulties of Suburban Train Service

The aim of every railroad is to bring its train service to the highest point of perfection consistent with good business principles, and to this end the General Passenger Agent seeks to foster rather than discourage intelligent suggestions from the general public looking toward the betterment of its train schedules. He is anxious to give the patrons of his road the largest degree of accommodation and convenience in the matter of its trains. People, however, often fail to take into account the fact that railroads are run for profit, and that a change in train service which increases running expenses and promises no increase in business is not a legitimate demand

One of the hardest problems with which the General Passenger Agent has to grapple is the just allotment of trains, particularly those engaged in suburban traffic. It is very difficult to determine just what arrangement of suburban trains will best accommodate that class of business; but this perplexity arises from no lack of advice from the public. These suggestions are heartily welcomed, but the labor of thoroughly investigating such complaints and proposals is beyond the comprehension of any person who has not directly handled this peculiar phase of passenger business.

Not long ago a road doing a large suburban business received a petition signed by twenty-four people, requesting that the 6:17 train from their station be changed to 6 27. A thorough investigation developed the fact that more than half the signers of this petition seldom, or never, went to the city on the 6:17 train, would seldom use a train leaving at 6:27, and only signed the petition "to oblige a friend!"

Another type of suggestion in this line is well indicated by this incident

A prominent farmer, a man of influence in his part of the State, suggested it would pay to run two trains a day instead of one over the branch line on which he lived. He was thanked for his suggestion and assured that it would be investigated. This was done, and it was found that there was nothing to indicate that a new train would prove to be paying He was informed of this conclusion but steadily persisted in pressing his demand. Later, the General Passenger Agent, with other officials, made an inspection tour, in a special train, over the line on which this man was located. A question was raised, by a member of the official party, regarding the condition of the corn crop in that locality The train was stopped and several of the officials alighted, went into the neighboring corn field, and sampled the crop. On returning from the field the General Passenger Agent encountered the owner of the farm, and apologized to him for raiding his corn field. The man introduced himself as the person who had petitioned for the extra train and at once proceeded to tell the official how the train service of the road should be regulated. In turn the General Passenger Agent abruptly changed the subject of conversation and, with a merry twinkle in his eye, gave the farmer a profound lecture upon the art of raising hogs, corn and stock. The countryman immediately retaliated by declaring that he had been farming for thirty years and thought he knew as much about the business as any railroad man could tell him. He was invited to enter the car and make the trip to the end of the line and back to his farm. Just before the train halted to leave the farmer at his home, he turned to the General Passenger Agent and laughingly remarked: "Say! I guess I've caught on to that hog business. I reckon you don't really claim to know much about raising hogs; and I guess I'll quit trying to tell you how to run a railroad

Nearly every railroad, in its publications, requests from its patrons complaints of unsatisfactory service at the hands of its employees; but the public is very apt to forget that these complaints, to be useful, should be explicit and temperate, and should not be brought forward on trivial and unreasonable provocation. They are investigated with searching thoroughness and the slightest complaint causes an amount of labor, trouble and vexation which none but a railroad man can appreciate. Recently a gentleman from the West preferred a written complaint to the effect that he had not been given the sleeper berth he had reserved for his use. After lengthy correspondence he stopped at the office of the General Passenger Agent and introduced himself as the president of a large Western college. The railroad official sent for the correspondence and the reports regarding his complaint and turned the papers over to his caller, simply requesting the latter to state if, in his opinion, all had been done in the matter that could be reasonably expected. When the college president had glanced over the thirty documents in the ptle, beginning with his postal card entering the complaint and ending with an official order amending the rules of procedure in the service, so as to avoid a recurrence of the trouble, he removed his spectacles and remarked: "I would like to be intrusted, for one month, with this file of documents, in order that I may place the papers before my young men as an object-lesson in the conscientious detail work involved in a large business where strict care and attention are paid to the smallest matters." His request was granted

Another patron, not quite so reasonable, brought a violent complaint that the porter did not open or shut the ventilators of the car when requested to do so. The General Passenger Agent made a personal investigation of this case, found that the porter had an excellent record for polite and conscientious attention to his duties in general, and that there was no serious cause for criticism in this particular instance. The patron of the road, however, was relentless and demanded the immediate discharge of the porter. As the complainant was at the head of a large business, at a point where railroad competition was strong, he declared that all his future shipments should be transferred to another line unless the porter were at once displaced. Greatly against the choice of the General Passenger Agent, it was necessary to transfer the porter to a remote section of the system; but good care was taken to see that the innocent man did not suffer, in point of wages, by this transfer

Riding Free Through Dishonesty

The last point at which the general public seems inclined to apply its conscience is in dealing with the railroad. Persons who would not take from a store goods not belonging to them, even if clerks should carelessly forget to collect the charges, do not hesitate to "beat" a railroad out of a ride and take pride in the transaction. A still larger class will not attempt deliberately to

Editor's Note—This is the second of two papers by Mr. Eustis, the first of which appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of October 6.

Something New
TORREY'S PULLMAN RAZOR STROP
Out of sight when not in use. Works on a spring roller.
Absolutely Dust-Proof
Light, compact, durable and attractive
Adapted for Safety and ordinary razors. Handy for travelers. There's no strop like a
TORREY
For sharpening a razor, and KEEPING it so.
Send 4c. for trial package Torrey Strop Dressing—good for any strop
STYLES
No. A. Enameled Case, Single Leather, price $0.50c.
No. B. Engraved Aluminum Case, Single Leather, price $1.00
No. B. Engraved Aluminum Case, Double Leather, price $1.00
No. 1. Enamel Case, Prepared Web Leather Brand; price 35c.
No. 2. Enamel Case, Prepared Web Leather Brand; price 65c.
No. 3. Sterling Silver Case, Ebony Ends, Canvas and Leather Brand; price $5.00
Ask Your Dealer for It
If he will not supply order direct. We will deliver charges paid upon receipt of price. Our booklet free, shows all kinds of strops and tells how to sharpen a razor.
J. R. TORREY & CO.
P. O. Box 1127, Worcester, Mass.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK
THE ACME OF LUXURY
THE PINNACLE OF PERFECTION
J. B. WILLIAMS CO.

SEN-SEN
A DAINTY TOILET NECESSITY.
SOLD EVERYWHERE IN 5¢ PACKAGES ONLY

TELEGRAPHY
Total Cost, Tuition ... board and room, 6 months' course $8[illegible] Can be reduced one-half; great demand for operators; [illegible] Hodge Institute, La Porte, Ind

"Ye Bride of ye Century ago."

DEFENDER MFG. CO.

Sheets and Pillowcases

[illegible] made on our own premises, [illegible] strictly sanitary conditions. Every piece warranted perfect. Every article measured AFTER it is finished! NOT BEFORE!

Insist on having Sheets and Pillowcases bearing the gummed label trade-mark of the Defender Mfg. Co.

Made of all grades, from plain hemmed and hemstitched to fancy hemstitched of [illegible]

A booklet about [illegible] sent free FREE *on application* [illegible]

"The Bride of to-day."

Showerproof Serge

Sheds rain — it's the "duck's back" of Dress Fabrics.

But first, it's a wonderfully good serge — will not spot, shrink, roughen or wear shiny. It cannot pucker or draw at seams

It is not disfigured, stiffened or made unpleasant to the touch by the waterproofing.

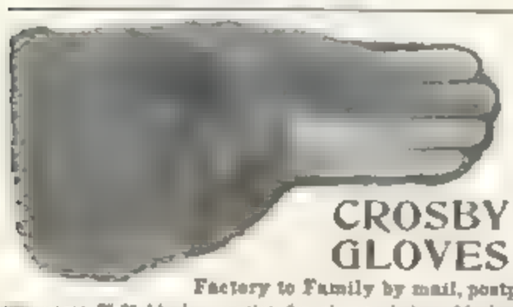
In damp weather the wearer of Showerproof Serge is best dressed — in rainy weather she's safest dressed. An umbrella is not an essential to her.

Black and two shades of Navy Blue. Stamped every three yards on the selvage "Showerproof, H. K. & Co."

$1.00 a yard — 50 inches wide

Shall we send samples?

Hochschild, Kohn & Co.,
Baltimore, U. S. A.



CROSBY'S GLOVES

Factory to Family by mail, postpaid

[illegible] great $3.00 black gauntlet fur gloves, ladies Mocha [illegible] gloves, in any color, $1.75 [illegible] men's Mocha and Reindeer gloves, unlined and silk lined $1.50 to $2.00 [illegible] (Gloves [illegible] 60 [illegible] Pocket, "Glove Pointers." Natural Black Galloway, Calfskin, and other fur coats. Galloway whole hide [illegible] Taxidermy and Head Mounting in booklet "Moth Proof [illegible] you want hides or skins tanned for rugs or robes? Get [illegible] "Custom Tan Folder." We also buy raw furs.

THE CROSBY FRISIAN FUR COMPANY
116 Mill Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Watches

If you wish to see the latest thing in Ladies' watches send for

THE BLUE BOOK

Watches

Or if you are interested in Men's watches send for

THE RED BOOK

We will be glad to send either or both of these attractive books *free*.

THE NEW ENGLAND WATCH CO.
31 Maiden Lane, New York 149 State Street, Chicago
Spreckels Building, San Francisco

RACINE HOSIERY

AGENTS WANTED to represent the famous RACINE HOSIERY. Sold direct to the consumer. We are manufacturers of the famous RACINE FEET, new feet for old hosiery; one of the best selling agents' novelties put out in years.

[illegible] *10 cents. Write for terms.*

H. S. BLAKE & CO., Dept. L, RACINE, WIS.

Are You Deaf?

We have 25 kinds of Instruments to Assist Hearing Sent on approval. Write for cat[illegible]

W. V. WILLIS & CO., 124 South 11th Street, Philadelphia

defraud but will not insist upon turning into the railroad company fare or tickets which conductors have failed to collect. It is a regrettable fact that women with children are the most numerous offenders in this particular. Generally speaking, parents will not deliberately misstate the age of the child traveling with them, but will simply hand up their own tickets in a manner which says as plainly as words: "Of course you do not charge for children under five years of age" —this in spite of the fact that the child is plainly eight years old. Some, however, do falsely state the age of their children and frequently come to grief thereby, as the little ones are inclined to correct any misstatement of their age. One General Passenger Agent, while riding in a through train, heard a woman talking in angry tones to the conductor. The latter finally seated himself with the passenger official and explained the incident, saying: "That woman handed me one ticket for an adult. I knew the boy should pay half fare and so I asked him, 'Son, how old are you?' and before his mother could stop him he answered, 'I'm almost ten, sir.' The woman wanted to box his ears, but she took it out, while fumbling for her change, by calling me 'a mean old busybody' and several other things."

Not long ago a General Passenger Agent was discussing this phase of public morals with a woman neighbor, and she sharply resented his observations as unfair to womankind. He quietly asked her when she had paid fare, on the suburban trains between her station and Chicago, for either of her children, both of whom were over five years of age. Her explanation was not forthcoming

The Line Between Fault and Fraud

To distinguish between frauds and mistaken honest people is often a very difficult matter. An irate old gentleman recently called upon me and demanded a ticket from Chicago to New York, saying he had been robbed of his transportation by our passenger agent at the Chicago depot. He could scarcely control his anger sufficiently to answer my questions, but finally managed to say that he had bought of our New York agent a ticket from that point to Denver and return. Because of some absurd rule, he was required to exchange it for another ticket, at the Chicago depot, before he would be allowed to proceed westward, and he said that the Chicago agent had only given him a ticket to Denver and return to Chicago, doubtless retaining the balance, valued at about twenty dollars, for his own profit. The man was so angry I could get little more information from him. Learning, however, that he was an honored captain in the United States Navy, I gave him a ticket from Chicago to New York, thus admitting, as he insisted I must admit, that this ticket was his right and was not granted as a favor. From what he had told me, I knew precisely the form of his original ticket. It was in three pieces, two separate "going and returning" tickets for the trip east of Chicago, and a pink order on the Chicago depot for a ticket thence to Denver and return. I was quite sure that he still had in his pocket the remaining piece, good from Chicago to New York. With some diplomacy I managed to continue the conversation, and finally succeeded in getting him to describe the original transportation. He even showed me where he had put the ticket in his wallet. While he was doing this I saw the corner of the ticket. Quickly lifting this out of its hiding-place, I presented it to him. At this he became still more enraged, and completely turned the tables by declaring that I should not have treated him like a spoiled child by giving him a new ticket to which I knew he was not entitled.

A source of much trouble is the matter of sleeping-car berths, their reservation and tickets. People generally prefer lower berths in the centre of the car, and for that reason often reserve them well in advance. Some of the early reservations are not used after all, and the knowing traveler will call at the last moment for a lower berth, hoping to get one of those which have been thus released When told there are none he usually replies after this manner: "Then give me upper eleven, which is reserved for me." If such a traveler gets a berth he considers better than "upper eleven" he says nothing about his former reservation. This is not so clever as it might appear, as the abuse of the reservation privilege in this and in other ways has necessitated making certain rules, such as selling the reserved berth within fifteen minutes before train time if it has not been called for. It would help to avoid errors if all passengers would reserve their berths early, pay for them if reasonably certain to make the trip, and then cancel their reservations if the berths are finally not wanted. You can always get back the money paid for the ticket if you advise the agent of your change in plans within a reasonable time. This applies to railroad tickets as well as to sleeping-car coupons

It is not generally known that some persons are sufficiently crafty to "beat" their way in a sleeping car. This is a very difficult thing to do and can only be accomplished under peculiar circumstances. Not long since a theatrical company chartered a sleeping car, the manager buying a ticket for twenty people which he said constituted the entire "troupe." The conductor was a shrewd and careful man, and checked up very thoroughly to see that the number of persons represented by the ticket turned in was not exceeded by the number of persons in the car. He mistrusted fraud, but a careful search of the car failed to reveal any extra passengers. He was on the point of returning to the regular passenger coach, at the head of the train, when he chanced to think of the "supply cellar" underneath the car Quickly retracing his steps he threw back the floor covering and lifted the trap door leading into this secret compartment. There he discovered his extra! The comedy man of the troupe confessed that, in the night, he had crawled out of his hiding-place and stowed himself away in one of the bunks at the top of the coach, a place not readily visible to the conductor

These statements and incidents may serve to suggest some of the peculiarities with which the passenger official of a railroad has to deal, but the great burden of routine work with which his department is principally engaged is of a less picturesque character and may therefore be taken for granted instead of described in detail

Shipping Fish Without Ice

THE difficulty of keeping their merchandise fresh is a cause of great trouble and loss to fish dealers and shippers. Ice is only partly satisfactory, inasmuch as its use has a tendency to deprive the fish of flavor and firmness, while the moisture from its melting hastens decay. Hence it has been the desire of the United States Fish Commission to devise some other method by which fish may be preserved, and recently experiments with this end in view have been conducted at Woods Holl.

Bluefish, weakfish and bonito were used for the purpose. In the first experiment twenty four weakfish were taken alive from the nets, carefully dressed, and washed with a one per cent. solution of salicylic acid in sea water. Notwithstanding the well-known preservative quality of salicylic acid, this trial was a total failure. So likewise was the next experiment, which was made with a five per cent. solution of formaldehyde. But very different and entirely successful results were obtained by the use of boric acid.

Twenty-four weakfish, freshly killed and dressed, were washed with a three per cent. solution of boric acid in sea water. Twenty-four hours later they looked as if they had just come out of the sea, the flesh being hard and firm and the eyes clear, though no ice had been used. It was hot weather, and other weakfish, killed and dressed at the same time with these, but not treated with boric acid, were in advanced stages of putrefaction. One of those preserved with boric acid was cooked and eaten and found to be excellent.

This promises to be a most important discovery. The fishes thus treated are in no sense "embalmed," but, after the removal of the viscera, the inside of each is simply washed with a sponge that has been dipped in the solution. This must be done immediately after the capture of the fish. If the latter are thrown about, left for a while before being dressed, and then put in barrels, the preservative process will not work satisfactorily

The conclusion drawn is that the boric acid solution retards decay in its first stages, being so effective even in hot summer weather that there is time to get the fish to market, where it may be iced and kept fresh for a long time. The acid is not used as a preservative in the ordinary sense, but as an agent of cleanliness. As each fish is merely sponged over, the amount of the fluid that remains on it is very small. Its employment can have no injurious effect on the consumer. One important point in its favor is that it prevents the formation of ptomaines, which are sometimes so dangerous.

New Fall Suits and Cloaks

OUR new Fall and Winter Catalogue of Suits and Cloaks is now ready. We picture in it all of the newest styles, and will mail it *free*, together with samples of materials to select from, to the lady who wishes to dress well at moderate cost. Bear in mind that we keep no ready made garments — every [illegible] made expressly to our customer's orders and desires.

Our prices this season are [illegible] than ever before

We pay all express charges.

Our new Fall and Winter Catalogue illustrates

Exquisite Tailor-Made Costumes, selected from the newest Paris models, $8 up.
Tailor-Made Gowns, both jacket and skirt, lined throughout with fine quality taffeta silk, $15 up.
Visiting and Church Dresses at very moderate prices.
Exclusive Designs in Jackets, lined throughout, $7 up.
New French Skirts, cut according to the latest models, $4 up.
Golf Capes, Newmarkets, Rainy-Day Suits and Skirts and Pedestrian Suits and Skirts, made of double-face materials.

We would be pleased to mail our Catalogue, together with a full line of samples to select [illegible] any who wishes to dress well at [illegible] Be sure to say whether you wish [illegible] cloth or for [illegible] we will then [illegible] what you desire [illegible] and Samples; you [illegible]

THE NATIONAL CLOAK COMPANY,
119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York.

Something for Nothing

Never — but you come as near it in Corliss collars as you [illegible] good as any one collar ever made. We don't do anything else, just make collars, but we make them right. At your dealers. If not, send to us direct, stating size desired

Send for catalogue which shows all our styles of collars and tells you how to dress on all occasions

Corliss, Coon & Co., Dept. 8, Troy, N. Y.

CORLISS, COON & CO.

Doll Furs for Christmas

Dainty White Ermine Scarf and Muff — lined with red silk — just like illustration.
In neat box — by mail,
$1.00 a Set

J. G. Bennett & Co.

Boys and girls can make money selling them. [illegible] Pittsburg, Pa.

C. H. & D. Ry.
"Over the Mouse"
FINEST TRAINS IN CENTRAL STATES

More trains than any other line between
Cincinnati and Chicago
[illegible] over 9 Hours on [illegible]

The ONEITA

Elastic Ribbed

UNION SUITS

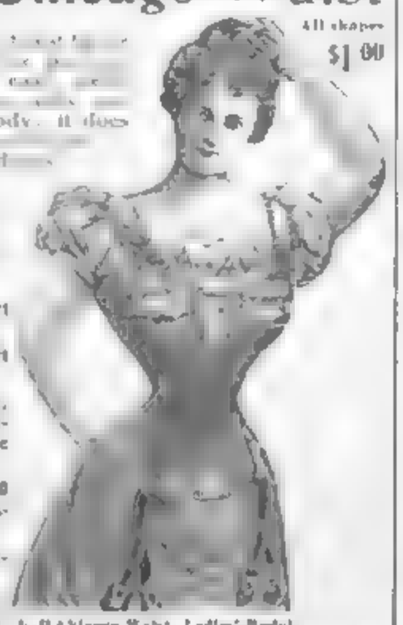
[illegible] softly and [illegible] pressure *No buttons down the front.* Made for men women and young people. Most convenient to put [illegible] such perfect fit for dresses or wear comfortable so small a corset. *Made in great variety of fabrics and weights*

Sold by Best Dealers Everywhere

STYLE GRACE COMFORT

What more can be required of a sweet robe? The

G-D Chicago Waist



All shapes $1.00

[illegible] tion of the body. It does not make an [illegible] but it does

1 Long or short waist
2 Long or short hips.
3. High or low, small medium or large bust
4 Size 18 to 30 waist measure
5 Clasp or button fronts.
6. Color black drab or white. G-D Chicago Waist, Ladies' Model

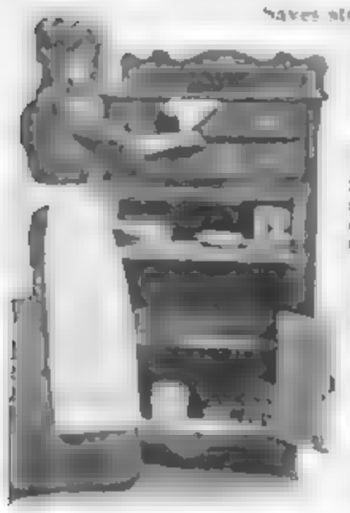
If your dealer hasn't them, send description above, with money order or stamps, and we send prepaid $1.00 everywhere, any style

GAGE-DOWNS CO., 265 Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Queen Kitchen Cabinet

$7.55 AND UP The labor saving device [illegible] worth three closets

Saves steps, time and money.



A convenient [illegible] for all baking [illegible] cereal products, spices, table linen [illegible]

The Queen Cabinet [illegible] to any home. Made of hardwood, antique finish. Fitted with [illegible] easy to [illegible]

Six Styles $4.90 to $11.40 [illegible]

[illegible] ended by many famous American [illegible]

QUEEN CABINET CO., Security Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Ry.

CINCINNATI to MICHIGAN AND CANADA

6 HOURS TO TOLEDO, 8 HOURS TO DETROIT
4 FAST TRAINS DAILY

YOUR FACE ON A BUTTON

For 10 Cents

[illegible]

G. A. SHULER CO.
365 B Washington St., Boston

Mooswa of the Boundaries

Carcajou's Revenge. By W. A. Fraser

Copyright, 1909, by W. A. Fraser. Copyright [illegible]

IN THE morning François and Roderick started with their Dog train to pick up traps from the Marten road

[illegible] s better w'at I go to d[illegible] firs'," Fr[illegible] remarked to Roderick as they plodded along behind the Dogs and carryalls, "we dun get [illegible] trap now, an' I can't find dat poison bottle. Yesterday I look, but he's gone soor; I put him on de s'elf but he's not dere now. Perhaps dat Whisky Jack steal him, for he take de spoon [illegible] but anyway, can't trap proper wit'out de poison

After they had left the shack Whisky-Jack cleaned up the scraps that had been thrown out from breakfast and, having his crop full started through the woods looking for a chance to gossip. He observed Carcajou scuttling awkwardly along through the deep snow; this was the first time Jack had seen him since he had been liberated from the trap

'Hello!" cried the Jay. "Able to be about again?"

"Who's at the Man-shack?" queried the other in answer, ignoring Jack's gibe

'Nobody," piped the Bird; "left me in charge and went out on their Marten road."

'And the Dogs—oh, One in charge?" asked Carcajou

'Gone, too, did you want to go and have a scrap with one of the Huskies, my bad tempered friend?"

'Were you sweet tempered, gentle Bird, when you burnt your toes and scorched your gizzard with the Man-cub's fat pork?"

'Well, sore toes are enough to ruffle one aren't they, Hunchback—crop eared stealer'

'And your Men friends took the leg off our Black King," continued Wolverine, ignoring the other's taunt. "The Red Widow is close to an attack of rabies with all this worry

'You're full of [illegible] news," retorted Jay

'If they are a[illegible]way [illegible]lared Carcajou, "I'm go[illegible] to [illegible] another peep at that chimney [illegible] so three debts to be paid."

The Bird chuckled. "Generous little chap! Leave my account out. But if you must go to the shack, I'll keep watch and give you a call if I see them coming back."

'Eat-eating! but I hate climbing," grunted Wolverine, as he struggled up the over-[illegible] [illegible] of the shack "If [illegible] left the door open—I never [illegible] of my burrow

He went down [illegible] as though it were [illegible] back [illegible] against one [illegible] and his strong, curved claws holding in the dry mud of the other. Inside of the [illegible] he worked with exceeding diligence, deporting himself much after the manner of soldiers looting a King's palace

Three bags of flour stood in a corner. 'That's queer stuff," muttered Carcajou, ripping open the canvas. "Dry eating!" and he scattered it with malignant fury. He pattered up and down in it, rolled in it, and had a generally pleasing, dusty time. The white stuff got in his throat and made him cough; the tickling developed a proper intoxicate's thirst. Two zinc pails, full of water, sat on a wooden bench; the choking animal perched on the edge of one and tried to drink, but as he stooped over the spreading top, his centre of gravity was disarranged somewhat, and his venture ended disastrously. The floor was clay, smooth-ironed by François' feet — it held the fluid like a pot, [illegible] ally, much batter of Wolverine [illegible] ing was originated. He was still thirsty, and tried the other pail. That did not even last so long for as he was pulling himself up, somewhat out of temper, it tumbled heedlessly from the bench, and converted the shack floor into a white, alkaline-looking lake

Then he puddled around in batter which clung to his short legs and stuck to his toe-hairs, and tried to get a drink from little pools, but only succeeded in getting something like liquid pancakes

The stuff worked into his coat and completely put to flight any feelings of restraint he might have had. A cyclone and an earthquake working arm in arm could not have more effectually disarranged the internal economy of François' residence

Like most Half-breeds François played a concertina and like most of his fellow tribesmen he hung up his things on the bed or floor. It was under the bed that Carcajou discovered the instrument and when he had finished with it, it might have been put in paper boxes and sold as matches. Two feather pillows provided him with enthusiastic occupation for a time; mixed with batter the feathers entirely lost their elasticity, and refused to float about in the air. This puzzled the marauder; he couldn't understand it for you see, he knew nothing of specific gravity

A jug of molasses was more rational—but it added to his thirst; it also turned the white coat he had evolved from the flour mixture into a diagonal coffee color

Great animals! but he was having a time Whisky Jack, from his post outside, kept encouraging him from time to time, as the din of things moving rapidly in the interior came to his delighted ears

'Bravo! What's broken?" he screamed when the first pail met with its downfall

The blankets dried the floor somewhat after industrious little Wolverine had hauled them up and down a few times. This evidently gave him satisfaction, for he worked most energetically

Two sides of fat bacon reclined sleeping under the bed—a mouthful filled Carcajou with joy. Great eating! If he had that much food in his burrow he wouldn't do a stroke of work all winter! He tried to carry a side up the chimney, and got started with it all right, for an iron bar, which had been built across the mud fireplace to hang pots on, gave him a foothold; a little higher up he slipped, and clattered down, bacon and all, burning his feet in coals that lingered from the morning's fire

The sight of disturbed cinders floating from the chimney-top intimated to Jack what had happened, and he whistled with joy. This was an excuse for another round of demolition. "If I could only open the shack!" thought Wolverine. Though a dweller in caves, he knew which was the door, for over its ill fitting threshold came a strong glint of light; also, up and down its length ran two cracks through which came more light Most certainly it was the door, he decided, sniffing at the fresh air that whistled through the openings

Close by stood a box on end, holding a wash-bowl. Carcajou climbed up on this and examined a little iron thing that seemed to bear on the subject. It was somewhat like a trap. If he could spring this thing—perhaps it had something to do with opening the door. As he fumbled at it, suddenly the wind blew a big square hole in the shack's side. He had lifted the latch, only he didn't know it was a latch, of course—it was like a trap; something to be sprung; that was all

"By all the Loons!" screamed Jay; "now you're all right—what's inside? You have had your revenge, Carcy, old boy" he gurgled as he caught sight of his coffee-colored friend. Carcajou paid no attention to his volatile comrade, for he was busily engaged in gutting the place. "My fingers are still sore from the Man's trap," he muttered but I think I can cache this fat eating.'

"François will trail you," declared the bird

"He may do that," admitted Wolverine, "but he'll not find the eating. Has he a scent nose of the woods to see it through many covers of snow?"

"This is just lovely!" piped Jack, hopping about in the dough. "It's like the mud at White Clay River. Butter!" he screamed in delight, perching on the edge of a wooden firkin, off which his friend had knocked the top. "I just love the stuff—it puts a gloss on one's feathers. We are having our revenge, aren't we, old chap?"

'I am—Whe-e-e-ough!" cried the fat little desperado, coughing much flour from his clogged lungs

"I say, Hunchback, wouldn't you like to be a Man, and have all these things to eat without the eternal worry of stealing them? I should—I'd be eating butter all the time.' And Jack drove his beak with great rapidity into the firkin's yellow contents

"I'll return in a minute, after I've cached this," said Wolverine as he backed out of the shack, dragging a big piece of bacon

"Oh, my strong friend of much brain, please cache this wooden thing of yellow eating for me," pleaded Jay, when Carcajou reappeared. "By the year of famine! but

Safe, Pure, Sure

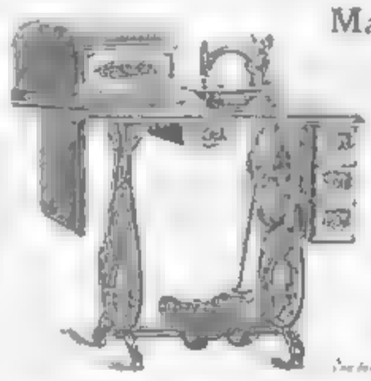
Babbitt's 1776 Soap Powder

The best at the start and the best to-day—guaranteed by 64 years of continuous Babbitt success—tested by the public and never found wanting. Injures nothing—does everything—greatest satisfaction—absolute certainty—extreme economy.

Made by B. T. BABBITT, New York

B. Eldredge AUTOMATIC

The Best All-Around Family Sewing Machine Made.



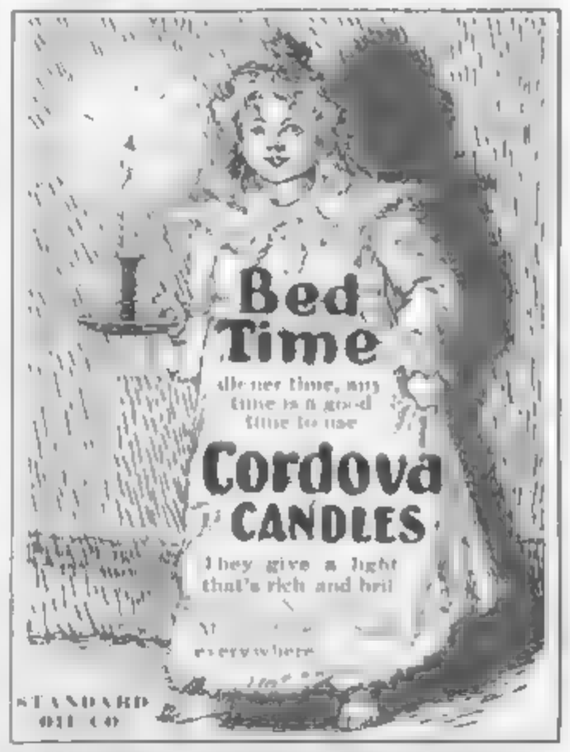
Easy Running, High Speed, Simple and Silent.

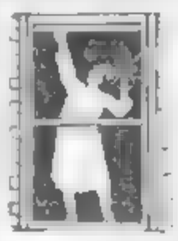
[illegible] A [illegible] STANDARD [illegible] GUARANTEED

Send for Catalogue.

NATIONAL SEWING MACHINE CO.
BELVIDERE, ILL.

[illegible] New York House
[illegible] 93 Reade Street





Shade Won't Work

Because it isn't mounted on

THE IMPROVED HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLER.

[illegible] No tacks required. Name of roller when buying your shade

FELT SPRINGS genuine leather, [illegible] Size 76 x 28. Insurance [illegible] Write to-day

$20

[illegible] STAFFORD & BROS. Stafford Hall, Chicago

"It's Colonial"

FANCY CHAIRS
AND TABLES
Direct from Factory to User

Save retailers' profits. Buy ours and you have the best. *Sent on approval*, freight paid; to be returned at our expense if not satisfactory.

Artistic Catalogue Free.

29 South Division Street
Grand Rapids, Mich.

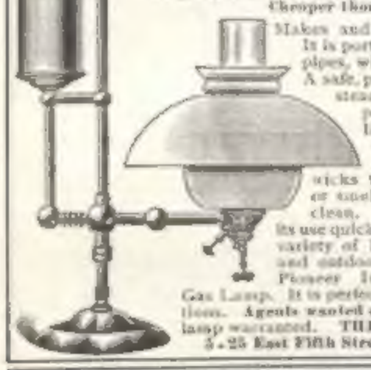
Colonial Furniture Co.

A Magnificent Steel Engraving

26 x 40 inches, of HAGERMAN PASS, COLO., the route of the **Colorado Midland Railway** over the summit of the Rocky Mountains, can be had by sending 25 cents, to cover mailing expenses, to the Gen'l Passenger Agent, Colorado Midland Railway, Denver, Colo.

The engraving is from the celebrated painting by Thos. Moran, and when framed makes a splendid decoration for the home or office.

THE "BEST"
Incandescent Vapor Gas Lamp
Brighter than Electricity or Acetylene and Cheaper than Kerosene

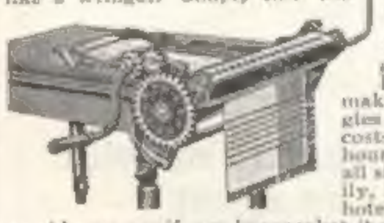


Makes and burns its own gas. It is portable. Requires no pipes, wires or gas machine. A safe, pure white, powerful, steady light. 100 candle power costs 2 cts. for 10 hours. **Approved by Fire Insurance Underwriters.** No wicks to trim, no smoke or smell. No chimneys to clean. Saving effected by its use quickly pays for it. Great variety of Fixtures for indoor and outdoor use. This is the Pioneer Incandescent Vapor Gas Lamp. It is perfect. Beware of imitations. **Agents wanted everywhere.** Every lamp warranted. **THE BEST LIGHT CO.**
525 East Fifth Street, Canton, Ohio

Millions use Pearline
The Modern Soap

Save Ironing

A Gas or Gasoline Mangle does in one hour the work of five hours with a flat iron. It saves four-fifths in fuel and nine-tenths in labor. Works like a wringer. Simply turn the handle and the ironing is perfect. Heat it with gas or gasoline; we make cold mangles too. Heat costs but 1c. per hour. Made in all sizes for family, laundry and hotel uses. You would own one if you knew what it saved. Write to-day for our catalogue, which fully explains styles, construction and working.



DOMESTIC MANGLE CO., Box B, Racine, Wis.

BROWN'S FAMOUS PICTURES
One Cent Each. 120 for $1.00
Size 15½ x 8. 1700 subjects.

Authors and homes, famous paintings, architecture, etc. *325 on life of Christ.* 175 Madonnas. Send 4 cents in stamps for 4 sample pictures and 24-page catalogue, illustrated with 30 pictures.
O. P. BROWN & CO., Beverly, Mass.

it's delicious—it must be great for a singer's throat. Did I ever tell you how I was sold once at Wapiscaw over a bit of butter?"

"No, my vain Jackanapes—nor would you now, if you didn't want me to do a favor," grunted the industrious toiler, rolling the tub of butter off into the forest.

"Well, it was this way: I saw a cake of this yellow-eating in the Factor's shack; you know the square holes they leave for light—it was in one of those. I swooped down and tried to drive my beak into it——"

"Like the hot pork," interrupted the tub-roller.

"Never mind, Carcy, old boy; let bygones be bygones. I dove my beak at the yellow thing, and, would you believe it, nearly broke my neck against something hard, which was between me and the eating—I couldn't see it, though."

"Ha, ha, he-e-e-e!" laughed Carcajou. "You bone-headed Bird—that was glass—Man's glass—they put it in those holes to keep the frost, Whisky-Jacks and other evil things out—I know what it is. There! Now your yellow-eating is safe. François won't find it," he added, pushing snow against the log under which lay the hidden firkin. "I wish you would fly and bring Rof and some of the other fellows—tell them I'm giving a feast dance; make them hurry up, for the Men will be back before long."

"Oh, Carcy, they'll guzzle my butter!" replied the Bird.

"They won't find it. Tell the Red Widow to come and get a piece of this fat-eating for the King. Fly like the wind. I'll have everything out of the shack, and you must tell Blue Wolf and the others to come and help me carry it to the meeting-place."

"Look here, Giver of the Feast," said Jack, struck by a new thought; "what about the Boy? If you take all the food he'll starve before they get to the Landing for more. We must remember our promise to Mooswa."

"That's so," replied Carcajou; "I'll leave enough fish and dry-eating to carry them out of the Boundaries; strange, though, that *you* should have thought of the Boy—have you forgotten the hot pork?"

"Neither have I forgotten my word to Mooswa," said the Bird as he flew swiftly to summon the others to the feast.

Wolverine rounded up his day's work by caching the granite-ware dishes, and rolling an iron pot down the bank and dropping it through the water hole.

At Carcajou's pot-latch there was rare hilarity.

"I'm proud of you, Old Cunning," Blue Wolf said patronizingly, as he sat with distended stomach licking the fat from his wire-haired mustache. "If anything should happen to Black King, which Wie-sah-ke-chack forbid, we could not do better than make you our next ruler. I have made a few good steals in my time, but never anything like this. To be able to give a tea dance of this sort! Ghur-r-r!" he gurgled in satisfaction, and rubbed his head and neck along Wolverine's plump little side affectionately, as a dog caresses a man's leg.

"Not only wise, but so generous!" Lynx said oilily, for he, too, had eaten of the salted fat. "To remember one's friends in the day of plenty is truly noble; I shall never forget this kind invitation."

"Cheek," muttered Jack, for he had not invited Pisew at all—had purposely left him out of the general call—but Lynx, always craftily suspicious, seeing a movement on among some of the animals, had followed up and discovered the feast.

"I haven't eaten a meal like this since the year before the big fire," murmured the Red Widow reminiscently. "Easy catching! but the birds were thick that year—and fat and lazy. 'Crouk, crouk!' they'd say, when one walked politely with gentle tread among them. They'd stretch their heads up, and patter a little out of the way with their short, feathered legs—actually not attempt to fly. But I never expect to see a year like that again," she sighed regretfully. "Excuse me for mentioning it; but this fullness in my stomach has suggested the general condition of that time. The King will be delighted to have this nice, fat back-piece that I'm taking home to him. He did well to make you Lieutenant, Carcajou—you are a brainy little chap. By the crest of our family, the white spot on the end of our tails, we'll never forget this kindness!"

"Hear, hear!" cried Whisky-Jack; "you make the snub-nosed robber blush. I had no idea how popular you were, Crop-ear. I've a notion to bring out the—— Goodness!" he muttered to himself; "I nearly gave it away. Friendship is friendship, but butter is butter, and harder to get."

"Bring out what?" asked Pisew.

"The castoreum, Prying Cat," glibly answered Jay, cocking his head down and sticking out his tongue at Lynx.

"I remember the year you speak of, good Widow; I also was fat that fall," said Marten.

"So was I," declared Wuchak, the Fisher; "never had to climb a tree to get my dinner for months."

"It was the fifth year of the Wapoos," enjoined Pisew, "and we animal eaters were all fat. Why, my paw was the size of Panther's—I took great pride in the trail I left."

"Extraordinary taste!" remarked Jack; "proud of big feet. Now, if in the year of plenty you had run a little to brain——"

"Never mind, Jack," interrupted Blue Wolf good-humoredly, for the feast-fullness made him well-disposed toward all creatures, "we can't all be as smart as you are, you know. Tired jaws! I believe I don't care for any dessert," he continued, sniffing superciliously at a rib bone Wolverine pushed toward him. But he picked it up, broke it in two with one clamp of his viselike teeth, and swallowed the knuckle end. "Even if one is full," he remarked, giving a little gulp, as it hitched in his throat, "a morsel of bone, or something at the finish of the meal, seems to top it off and aid digestion."

"I take mine just as it comes, bone and meat together," declared Otter.

"So do I," affirmed Mink, for they had been given a great ration of fish as their share of the banquet. Carcajou had purloined it from the shack with his other loot.

"I must say that I like fresh fish better than dried," declared Nekik to his companion, Mink; "but with the streams frozen almost to the bottom, and the stupid tail-swimmers buried in the mud, one cannot be too thankful for anything in the way of eating. The wealthiest one in all the Boundaries is old Umisk, the Beaver; he's got miles on miles of food that can't run away from him."

"Oh, I never could stand a vegetarian diet," grunted Carcajou. "I do eat berries and roots when meat is scarce, but, taking it all around, you'll find that the brainiest, cleverest, most active fellows in the Boundaries are the flesh-eaters. Look at old Mooswa—good enough chap; big and strong, too, in a way; but, safe trails! what can he do? Nothing but trot, trot, trot, and try to rustle that big head-gear of his through the bush. Did you ever see a flesh-eater have to run around with a small horn-forest on his head in the way of protection? Never! they don't run to horns—they run to brains."

"And teeth," added Blue Wolf, baring ivory fangs the length of a man's finger to the admiring gaze of his friends.

"I eat meat," chirped Whisky-Jack, "and I don't run to horns or teeth either, so it must all go to brains, I suppose. Lucky for you chaps, too."

"No, wise Bird," began Lynx; "you don't need horns or teeth; your tongue, like Sikak's tail, keeps everybody away."

"Let's go home," grunted Wolverine; "I'm so full I can hardly walk."

"I'll give you a ride on my back, generous benefactor," smirked Pisew.

"He thinks you have cached some of the bacon," sneered Jack; "he'll be full of gratitude while the pork lasts."

Soon the Boundaries were silent, for full-stomached animals sleep well.

While there was feasting in the Boundaries there was much desolation in the shack. François and the Boy had returned late to their wrecked home, and the Trapper's speech when he saw the débris was something of wondrous entanglement, for an excited French Half-breed has a vocabulary all his own, and our friend was excited in the superlative degree. He knew it was Carcajou who had robbed him, for there were plaster casts of his brazen feet all over the mortarlike floor.

"We can't go to de new trap-place dis way," the Half-breed said; "we don' got no grub, de dis' he's gone, an' de poison, an' it jes' look like de debil he's put bad medicine on us himself. You stay here one week alone if I go me de Landing?" he asked Rod. "I mus' get de flour, more bacon, some trap, an' de strykeen. I take me de Dog-train for bring de grub stake. You jes' stop on de s'ack, an' when I come back we go down to Hay Ribber."

It was late enough when François fell into a fitful, troubled slumber, for the occasion demanded much recrimination against animals in general, and Carcajou in particular.

Whatever chance François might have had of discovering Carcajou's cache next morning was that night utterly destroyed by a fall of snow.

The ninth of these stories will appear next week.

Nothing Too Good for Uncle Sam!

DENTOMYRH is purchased by the United States Government. The soldier is taught, and *you should know*, that Good Teeth, a Clean Mouth, Firm Gums, a Sweet Breath, are necessary for good health, and good health is necessary to be a victor in the battle of life.

WRIGHT'S Dentomyrh

FOR THE TEETH, MOUTH GUMS AND BREATH

A delicious, creamy **Tooth Paste**, in collapsible tubes, made after same formula as Wright's renowned Tooth Soap, Powder or Wash.

Is purifying and healing. It whitens and preserves the teeth. Prevents decay. Hardens the gums. Removes offensive breath. Is convenient to use. Endorsed by eminent medical and dental scientists.

ONCE TRIED ALWAYS USED

At all druggists', 25c., or from
Charles Wright Chemical Company
Department I. Detroit, Mich.

Booklet, "A Tooth Tonic," testimonials and sample FREE.

HOW ABOUT IT?

Many men have something to retire on, but nothing to retire to. Long years of struggle for a fortune useless to *them*. Better less struggle and more life insurance. Write for our terse booklet. Sent free.

PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
921-923-925 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

Did You Ever Enjoy a Meal IN BED?

Not unless the meal was served upon a table so arranged as to extend over the bed, and still not touch it. Most convenient in the sick room. Excellent sewing, cutting and reading table. Various kinds of wood. Beautifully finished. Write for circulars and testimonials. Size of top, 18 x 36 inches. NO AGENTS.

INVALIDS TABLE COMPANY
124 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

ANITA OWEN'S
HIT OF THE SEASON
COLLY WOBBLES
Latest Two-Step and Cake Walk.
25 cts. in Stamps
WABASH MUSIC CO.
28 Van Buren Street, Chicago

A SMALL CAPITAL
Brings good returns if invested in a MAGIC LANTERN or STEREOPTICON for exhibition purposes. Write for 300-page illustrated catalogue free.
McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau St., New York

Men in Business

Cannot afford to delay learning all about the

Shaw-Walker Card System

It saves trouble, time and thought. All the information about any subject can be arranged and classified so it may be found instantly. Write now for catalog.

Or, better still, send us four 2-cent stamps and receive three months' subscription to "SYSTEM." It teaches and encourages system. It illustrates and explains methods actually in use by successful business and professional men.

—A BUNCH OF SAMPLE CARDS showing forms particularly suited to your work.

—A LETTER OF INFORMATION telling how YOU can use the system to the greatest advantage.

THE SHAW-WALKER CO.
Muskegon, Michigan.

TRIAL OUTFITS.—Send for special circular showing outfits with specially printed cards at $2.00 and upwards.

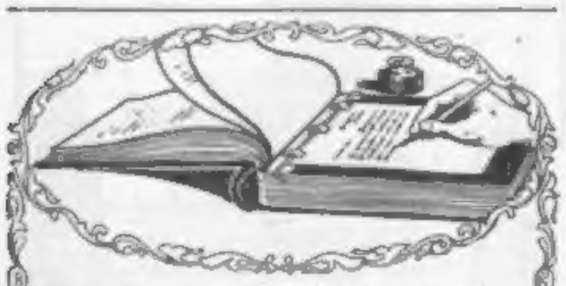
Support Yourself While Learning a Profession

Our new free circular will show a way for you to earn a good salary while learning the profession of your choice. You can become a

Mechanical Engineer, Electrician, Architect

200,000 Students and Graduates
Established 1891. Capital, $1,500,000

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 1171, Scranton, Pa.



Letters Copied While Writing

NO PRESS; NO WATER; NO BRUSH; NO WORK. ANY INK; ANY PEN; ANY PAPER. Our Pen-Carbon never smuts; our clip holds paper firm. Write with no extra pressure, and our PEN-CARBON LETTER BOOK produces a *perfect* copy. For letters, bills, etc. Can be used anywhere. If your stationer does not keep it, write for *free* specimen of work. Address Dept. G.

Pen-Carbon-Manifold Co., 145-7-9 Centre St., New York

Smith's Adjustable Index Tags

"Save 20 per cent. of a book-keeper's time."

Steel clips in leather tabs. Instantly applied or moved to meet changing conditions. A tag for each account. 400 kinds kept in stock, including Cities, Numbers, Accounts, Alphabets, Months, States, Days, and Tags to WRITE on.

Ledger Tag — ⅞ in. size

Made also in 1, 1½ and 2 in. sizes

Used by Chicago Telephone Co., Chicago.
Hartford Fire Insurance Co., Hartford.
Am. Smelting and Refining Co., Denver.

Catalog and Price-List FREE. Sample Tag, Five Cents.

Dept. F, CHAS. C. SMITH, Mfr., Exeter, Nebraska
Canadian Agents, GRAND & TOY, Ltd., Toronto.

Learn to Sketch, Letter, Design or Illustrate

For newspapers, magazines, books, by mail or in our New York Classes. *Practical* teaching, successful students, reasonable terms. Write for free catalogue or call.

New York School of Illustrating
114 West 28th St., New York

STAMPS 1000 mixed, 25c.; 200 all different, 50c.; 9 Honduras, 10c.; 5 Sweden, 10c.; 5 Diego-Suarez, 10c.; 4 Iceland, 15c. Album for 3000 Stamps, 30c. Price-List Free. Largest stock in America.

BOGERT & DURBIN CO., 722 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

BOYS' PAPER FREE. If you will send names of 5 boy friends over 12 years of age we will send you "The Star" for 3 months free. Greatest boys' paper published.

Address, with stamp, THE STAR, Dept. 29, Oak Park, Ill.

STARK TREES SUCCEED WHERE OTHERS FAIL.
Largest Nursery. Result of 74 years' experience.
Fruit Book Free.
STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N.Y.

Literary Folk—Their Ways *and* Their Work

IT IS now two years ago that Mr. Jerome K. Jerome remarked, with the cynical half-smile which humorists indulge in, that he had done with ordering the affairs of the universe and was looking forward to rest and seclusion. He had resigned his editorship of To-Day and the Idler. The former journal had been distinguished by a series of editorial notes concerning Abdul the Blessed and those who supported him, which had made Mr. Jerome extremely unpopular. Extreme unpopularity with the British public is not a bad thing, in its way, for thousands will buy your paper in order to pick you to pieces, but to find that the temper of your pro-Turkish shareholders has gone up to fever heat is apt to be awkward. It was imagined by some that the author of Three Men in a Boat had resigned himself into oblivion. This did not come to pass, although Mr. Jerome so far effaced himself as to sell his town house and seek out a retreat for himself in the delightful old city of Dresden.

At long intervals a note from him would come to England, containing little—and conveying less, by reason of the illegibility of the handwriting—merely by way of token that he was yet in the land of the living. It was a rest which was destined to prove profitable. When he returned to London some six months ago his book, Three Men on Four Wheels, was finishing its serial course in these columns. His play, Miss Hobbes, had done well in America and ran in London for three hundred nights. Beyond all this, he had a longer work ready—of a somewhat autobiographical character, after the fashion of David Copperfield—which he will negotiate when the moment is ripe for it. This was not a bad output for an eighteen months' leisured seclusion in Germany.

How Jerome K. Jerome Works

First acquaintance with Mr. Jerome is apt to be disappointing. After reading his most popular book one is apt to anticipate a big fellow with a voice which might be heard simultaneously on both sides of the river. Instead, you are greeted with a tremulous falsetto, and you are not reassured until you observe that he is long-limbed and big-headed. The depth of the head from eye to ear would delight the phrenologist.

His method of work is not uninteresting. He writes shorthand, a relic of reporting days and an earlier experience of a city clerkship. He usually dictates his humorous work, but there is nothing spontaneous about it, for he has with him a sheaf of shorthand notes from which he reads, altering a sentence or so as he dictates it. At a knotty point, where he feels that the fun is a bit thin and should read a bit funnier, he paces nervously to and fro, lights a cigarette or discards that for a pipe, rearranges the ornaments on the mantel shelf or readjusts the hang of a picture. You perceive that the idea is germinating and will fructify shortly. He moves more deliberately, produces a small box, smiles grimly and taps the side of it with great care and caution, and finally helps himself to a full pinch of snuff. The tap of the box signifies *habet*, he has it, and his secretary will then have the pleasure of taking down the things meant to shake the sides of humanity.

He is a pretty shrewd man of business. Few of his acquaintances realize that he is of a most nervous temperament, which suffices to account for an occasional abruptness or even a clumsy remark. His favorite recreation, when he can give himself time for it, is a lounge around the metropolis, and you may observe him dodging into some restaurant, keeping a good lookout for incident and character. Next after that he enjoys rowing and horse-riding. He plays a fair game of billiards and, as his sight is not quick enough, a poor game of tennis. He has plenty of scope for these things where he is at present residing, a little place which he purchased some years ago in the old-fashioned village of Wallingford, on the Thames, not far from Oxford.

Standing shoulder to shoulder, the few English writers of humorous work would present the spectacle of an awkward squad. There is Mr. Barry Pain, a burly Esau of a man, big-framed and hairy, thickly and darkly mustached and bearded. You will sometimes see him striding along in the direction of Fleet Street, pipe in mouth and bag in hand—one of those leather trifles which solicitors carry, although instead of drafts of title, affidavits and what-not you would rather expect to find drafts of dialogues and other such flippancies.

A Humorist Who is Not Sad

Mr. Pain is one of the few literary men who can work best after a hearty meal, and he is, moreover, a ready writer in the completest sense of the phrase. He is no believer in an empty stomach for thinking upon, and as for silence and solitude he cares little for them. Lunching with him, you envy his Homeric capacity, his mighty steak and inconsequent draughts of beer. Within a few minutes afterward he has found his way into the editorial offices of one of the papers with which he is connected, and promptly proceeds to write out his copy—undisturbed by any conversation that may be going on around him—and, all the time, you do not know which to envy the more, his facility or his digestion. He has a boy's love of the most inconsequent sport. Working one day in a friend's chambers with two others, all three ceased work and threw themselves into the endeavor to put out the flame of a candle which stood some distance away, by means of corks, match-boxes and other light missiles. Competition ran high, small bets were made, and finally the humorist smote out the candle after half an hour's fearful energy.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs, who scored such a success with Many Cargoes, and who is almost the best remunerated writer of short stories in London, might be cited as a veritable antithesis. Short, thin and pale, light-haired, with an aggressive aquiline nose, he works so slowly that he cannot turn out more than four or five thousand words in a month, and must often shut himself up in his study and sit there for hours before anything comes to him. Without being moody, he says very little in company, and rarely tells an anecdote or makes a jest.

With him might be associated the name of a friend of his, Mr. Pett Ridge, the best writer of humorous dialogue in England, after Anstey. He has considerable conversational ability, talking in a collected monotone which goes on well-nigh uninterruptedly, with many a laugh by the way. He is the trimmest young man, with his dark hair parted in the middle and neatly plastered down on what phrenologists would call a "well-balanced" head, and his presence is in great demand at the clubs. As an after-dinner speaker he can hardly be beaten.

Bohemian New York

That the cleverly written Bennett Twins is said, by the friends of Miss Grace Marguerite Hurd, the author, to be to some extent an autobiographical record of personal experiences in the Bohemian circle of New York, will add to its value in many eyes.

One who pilgrimages in search of the localities described will really find, on Twenty-third Street, a studio building with grisly skeletons paraded in the windows of the shop on the lower floor. The boys' school, at the gate of which Don sold "muffins, fi' centa," is there also. The spaghetti restaurant will be recognized by many. The unnamed hotel where the Twins went for their first night in New York seems strangely like the hotel that Howells is wont to describe as the resort of some of his nice people.

And, when so much of the book is real, one may be pardoned for believing that Agnes did really fall into that flour barrel and get into difficulties with the boiling-over rice.

As to the other characters—well, it can scarcely be by accident that a "white umbrella" is so distinctly placed over the head of that genial, kind-hearted artist who started Don aright. Every one has long had pleasant thoughts of the specific owner of that umbrella. And as to "Mr. Hayes," who taught an art class in the city and had a "summer school," his identity can be more than guessed at.

That part of the story that tells of hardships met with by the Twins on account of the unappreciativeness of their uncle, is, of course, not true, for Miss Hurd is not an orphan, but the daughter of the literary editor of a leading Boston paper. But there had to be something more than a recital of facts in the book.

We shall give

18,000 Dollars

IN CASH

To seven hundred and sixty-four persons this winter

THIS very large sum, which will be divided in amounts ranging from $1000 to $2.50, will be given to the seven hundred and sixty-four persons who send the largest lists of subscriptions to

The Saturday Evening Post

This winter. It can hardly be regarded as being "in payment" for the work done, for that is covered by a liberal commission paid for each name sent. It is simply a premium offered upon success, and is given *in addition* to the commission earned.

Thousands of persons subscribe for the Post each week at the present greatly reduced yearly rate of $1.00

THESE subscriptions may as well be sent through you as forwarded direct to us by the subscribers. A little effort in leisure hours is all that is necessary to establish a permanent, paying business, and to secure a part of the special fund of $18,000.

We want to appoint an agent

To look after this work in every town in the country. A line addressed to the Post's Circulation Bureau will bring full details.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING CO.
PHILADELPHIA

The Improved Shingle Stain and preservative. Imparts an artistic finish to shingles and prolongs their life by penetrating the pores of the wood and retarding decay.

Shingletint is made in all desirable shades, is easily applied, the colors are permanent, and money is saved by its use.

Full information and finished samples of wood mailed free for the asking.

BERRY BROTHERS, Limited

Varnish Manufacturers, DETROIT, MICH.

NEW YORK, 232 Pearl St. CHICAGO, 18 and 17 Lake St.
BOSTON, 530 Atlantic Ave. CINCINNATI, 304 Main St.
BALTIMORE, 22 E. Lombard St. ST. LOUIS, 112 S. Fourth St.
PHILADELPHIA, 26 and 28 N. Fourth St.
SAN FRANCISCO, 117 and 119 Market St.

THE GLEANERS

This masterpiece by Millet reproduced in our famous

Beacon Hill Prints

Which are made on genuine platinotype paper fourteen times size of cut, suitably mounted. 50 cents in black and white, or 75 cents in our Beacon Hill Sepias. Sent to any address prepaid and securely packed on receipt of price, together with our catalogue. *Catalogue only 4 cents.*

CELEBRITY PHOTO & ART CO.

256 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Carry Your Golf-Clubs To California

Though it may be fine weather now on Eastern links, blizzards will soon drive you indoors.

Why give up golf then? Don't do it. Follow your fad in winterless California under summer skies.

Golf grounds and expert players at principal California resorts.

The **California Limited** in daily service via **Santa Fe Route** after November 7.

Ask for illustrated pamphlets.

General Passenger Office
The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway
CHICAGO

PATENTS FRANKLIN H. ROUGH
Washington, D. C.
No Attorney's fee until patent is allowed. Write for "INVENTOR'S GUIDE."

At the Court of the Corsican

(Concluded from Page 4)

gradually familiarized it, the name Napoleon, Gallicized from the Italian Nabuglione, sounded outlandish and ridiculous.

"The man who has extinguished conversation in France," she went on, "who has reduced the most talkative and social race in Europe to silence, who has peppered the face of the country so thick with spies that nobody dares to open his lips. For my part, I am forgetting my native language, and my tongue is wasting away for want of use. You have seen the Great Extinguisher. What do you think of him?"

"You are in a position to know him better than I. What do *you* think of him?" I asked.

"Caution, caution," laughed she. "I admire your caution. Perhaps you suspect that I, too, may be a spy? But I'll be rash, and trust you. What do I think? I think—I think—I think that the man over there with the wry face, the powdered hair, and the club-foot—you see the man I mean? I think that is Monsieur de Talleyrand," she concluded with another laugh.

"Thank you for your confidence—it shall not be betrayed," I promised her. "And the undersized, foreign-looking man beyond Monsieur de Talleyrand, the man in green and white, with the bow legs, the bull neck, and the tremendous jaw—the man who looks as if he might be an Italian pork-butcher—what do you think of him?" I persisted.

"Oh! he," she said reflectively, glancing toward Bonaparte, "he is a military man, as you could guess from his uniform. I'm told he's a man of genius in the battlefield. But in private life"—she dropped her voice to a whisper—"he is just a bully and a snob, with the heart of a highwayman and the manners of a horse-tamer. You should see him eat!"

"Ah, is he a snob?" said I.

"It is lucky for some people that he is," said she. "There was a moment in your parley with him when he was so enraged I thought he would have struck you. What would you have done if he had struck you?—for it would have been high treason to strike back—as much as your head is worth. But his snobbishness restrained him. He is too eager to attract men of rank to his court to offend them lightly. So you were spared. But you should really see him *eat*. He despises knives and forks—he eats frankly with his fingers. As Monsieur de Talleyrand has said, he was never in a position to need manners until he was in a position to do without them. And as for his conversation his whole notion of conversation may be put in two words—to ask you questions and to contradict you. He asks everybody, 'How old are you?' When I was presented to him, I answered honestly enough, 'Three-and-twenty.' He looked me up and down from head to foot, and said, 'I do not believe you. You are older.'"

"I wonder you can bring yourself to serve such a ruffian!" I exclaimed.

"Poverty—a taste for daily bread," she returned lightly. "Besides, I serve not him, but the Empress; and the Empress is a dear—I love her. So till the King comes home and hangs her husband I shall serve her devotedly, and afterward I shall be her devoted friend. And now my service is about to part me from you. The Empress is going into the cardroom, and I must attend her. Good-by, Paul. We shall meet again."

There, my children, I have obeyed your behest, as a dutiful father and grandfather should, and set down in writing a record of my first encounter with the Corsican. I had many subsequent encounters with him (as well as many subsequent meetings with Pauline de Montmirail), but I never saw any reason for amending my first impressions. About those subsequent encounters, how they affected my destiny, and how, in his determination "to make something of me," as he expressed it, Bonaparte came within an ace of making something which would have precluded the possibility of your existence (fancy that, my dears!)—of these matters I may perhaps feel inclined to give you a recital some other time, provided I am encouraged by the interest you show in this.

Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE WILSON is going to import from the Philippines certain giant bees, native to that archipelago, which, it is thought, are likely to prove valuable in this country, though never as yet domesticated anywhere. They do not belong to the same species as our own honey bees, being classified by naturalists as Apis dorsata, whereas the familiar hive insects are all Apis mellifica. Just as there are a number of varieties of Apis mellifica, including the Cyprians, Carniolans, Italians and others, so there are many varieties of Apis dorsata, which are widely and plentifully distributed in the East, being found in India, Ceylon, Java, and elsewhere in that part of the world. All of them are known only in the wild state, and those of the Philippines are said to be the biggest of all.

The hive bees (Apis mellifica), when wild and in a state of nature, make their homes in hollow trees and holes in rocks, but it is quite otherwise with these giant bees of the Orient, which suspend their combs, as big as ordinary house-doors, from the limbs of lofty trees and ledges of rock high in the air. So superior in quality is the wax of which the combs are built that traffic in it is of much importance, especially in India, where the business of collecting it employs a great many persons. The material, when gathered, is carried to the seaports and stacked by tons in warehouses, being a notable article of export.

The native wax-hunters who gather this product dread the bees exceedingly, not only on account of their stings, but because of certain superstitions which they entertain. Awful tales are told of attacks made by the insects upon villages, but apparently these yarns have no basis in fact. Notwithstanding their fears, the hunters approach the combs clad only in breech-clouts, and smoke out the bees by holding burning branches beneath the great comb. Then, hastily cutting the comb away from the bough or rock-ledge from which it hangs, they escape with their precious booty.

It is thought that there would be no difficulty about handling these giant bees if it should be desired to domesticate them, but Secretary Wilson's idea is that, simply let loose and permitted to multiply in the Southern States, where the climate is warm enough to suit them, they would furnish a wild crop of valuable wax.

The importation of bees into this country is no novelty. Indeed, there were no hive bees in America when first settled by the whites. The common brown bee was brought from Europe in the seventeenth century, and within the last few years superior varieties, such as the Cyprians and Carniolans, have been introduced here. There are small stingless bees of another genus in Central and South America, which make delicious honey, with a peculiar aromatic flavor. It has been proposed to bring them to the United States, but they would not stand the climate. Though they have no stings, they can bite quite painfully.

A Search for the Tilefish

The United States Fish Commission is about to make an effort to determine as precisely as possible the area of sea bottom occupied by the tilefish—that strange and interesting finny species which was first discovered in 1879, only to be rendered almost extinct soon afterward by a marine cataclysm wholly unprecedented.

The Fish Commission thinks that an important and lucrative fishery for the tilefish may be created, when once the fishermen are informed as to where they should go to look for the species, which is excellently adapted for the table. Hitherto it has remained almost unknown simply because its home is in the depths. There is reason to believe that it has again become very numerous, and a reference to the history of the famous catastrophe of 1882 shows that in March and April of that year 7500 square miles of ocean were found profusely sprinkled with tilefish, the number being estimated at one thousand millions.

The eastern edge of the North American continent is overflowed by the sea, and that is why the water near the coast is so shallow. To find the true edge of the great continental land-mass one would have to travel about eighty miles due eastward from New York. There begins a sudden descent to the true floor of the ocean, which is two and a half miles deep. A narrow belt of this declivity, running north and south, is bathed by the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, and here is found the tilefish. The catastrophe above mentioned, which so nearly wiped out the entire species, was undoubtedly due to an invasion of the belt by the Arctic current.

The **FORTIS ELECTRIC EXERCISER**

STIMULATING, BRACING, HEALTHFUL AND HARMLESS COMBINATION OF

ELECTRICITY With Physical Exercise

For HEADACHE, NERVOUSNESS AND EXHAUSTION, INSOMNIA, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA and the many other complaints for which electricity is recommended.

ITS EFFECT IS MAGICAL

The machine is perfectly constructed, handsomely finished and will wear indefinitely. The life of the battery is about six months, and it can be replaced for 25 cents. *Send for Descriptive Booklet.*

Price, Complete with Foot-Plate, $7.50

THE BADGER BRASS COMPANY

10 Astor Street, Kenosha, Wis.

A Soda Fountain for Every Home

Sparklets

TRADE MARK

Small steel capsules filled with liquid Carbonic-Acid-Gas

MAKE ALL DRINKS SPARKLING

Easily, Quickly, Cheaply.

Carbonic-Acid-Gas, the life of champagne, available for every bottle. Every cold liquid made to sing, sparkle and fizz in an instant.

Pint Bottles, $1.50 up. Pint Syphon Attachments, 50c. Quart Syphons, $3.00 up. SPARKLETS—Pints, 25c. Quarts, 40c. (Box of 10).

Mineral Tablets and Fruit Syrups furnished.

Compressed Gas Capsule Co., Broadway and 25th St., New York City

Plays for Amateurs. We are the largest dealers in plays in the U. S., and can furnish any title in print. Catalogue for the asking. The Penn Publishing Co., 923 Arch St., Philadelphia

Money Earning At Home

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST wants a bright boy in every town to act as selling agent. The first week's supply of 10 copies will be sent free; after that at the wholesale price. A request will bring the first week's supply and full instructions.

The Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia

Americans in Paris

THERE has just died an old man who once upon a time was a notable American in Paris. Very notable indeed. Few men of this century have led lives so adventurous as that of Gustave Paul Cluseret, General in the United States Army, revolutionist and man of letters. He was born near Paris in 1823, the son of one of Napoleon's old Colonels. At twenty he was a Lieutenant; he fought through the Crimean War as a Captain and was twice wounded. Then he made a campaign in Algiers. Upon his return the Minister of War wished to decorate him, but Napoleon the Little said: "I won't decorate a political soldier—Cluseret talks too much—turn him out;" and they turned him out. A few days later Captain Cluseret sailed for New York. These were the ante-bellum days of great speculations and the French officer tried to make a fortune in Wall Street. There were giants there in those days and they plucked him to his pin-feathers. Nothing daunted, he recruited an "American Legion" and went to aid Garibaldi conquer the two Sicilies. He was made a Colonel. At the siege of Capua he was wounded so seriously that he gave up his commission and returned to New York. Then came the Civil War. He had long been an active abolitionist and his military record was well known; he was attached to General McClellan's staff and President Lincoln made him a General. He was, if I am not mistaken, the only officer of the Federal army who was ever outlawed by Jefferson Davis. The Confederate President issued an edict putting him outside the law and giving every man the right to kill him as an outlaw—all this because he freed the slaves at Madison Court House without waiting for President Lincoln's proclamation. Afterward he founded a newspaper to uphold Fremont's candidacy for the Presidency, and when Grant was elected he sailed for Ireland—the Ireland of Fenian days.

A French Idea of Quiet

I had known the old General Cluseret for many years. The last time I saw him was in the Chamber of Deputies, a month before his death. With me there was Colonel Arthur Lynch, that gallant Irishman who commanded the Second Irish Brigade in the Transvaal, and who had just returned with one arm splintered by a dum-dum bullet. So we talked Ireland and the old General said:

"After the close of the Civil War everything was quiet in the world. Italy was free; the South had been argued into freedom; Napoleon the Little had not yet ruined France. I thought it my duty to try to save Ireland. I tried my best, and in 1867 Queen Victoria tried her best to hang me because I had made the absurd mistake of assuming that the Irish were not English."

As a matter of fact, General Cluseret took part in the Fenian attack on Chester Castle, was laid by the heels in Dublin jail and escaped the gallows only by a miracle. He returned to France and Napoleon the Third sent him to prison on general principles. In 1869 he shipped him off in not unpleasant exile to New York.

"And why?" I asked the old General.

"His pretext was that I, who was born in Paris, was not a Frenchman since I had not asked him—he, born in Holland!—for permission to fight in the United States Army during the Civil War," he replied grimly.

But everything has an end. Napoleon the Little was snuffed out at Sedan and General Cluseret came back to Paris. He fell into the red turmoil of the Commune, was arrested and condemned to death. He bribed a turnkey and managed to escape in the garb of a monk. When the Republic was established he laid aside his sword and turned journalist. As he wrote quite as fiercely as he had fought, the Government issued an order for his arrest. Three police officers marched in on him.

Cluseret received them, revolver in hand. "Look here," said he; "a few years ago I was banished on the ground that I was an American citizen—now I'll show you my naturalization papers;" and he cocked his Yankee revolver. The policemen went away, sad and thoughtful, like the young man in the parable. For years then he led a life of exile. In Switzerland he met Gustave Courbet, the great artist, and out of sympathy, perhaps, he began to paint. That this old soldier should have become a tolerable artist was perhaps the strangest thing in his career. In 1878, however, the war in the Balkans broke out, and General Cluseret laid aside his brush and went out to fight with the Turks. This was his last campaign. The amnesty of 1881 permitted him to return to France, and the good people of the Var sent him to the Chamber of Deputies. A brave old man—a man who fought for liberty (or what he thought was liberty), a man who fought for the right (or what he thought was the right), the world over.

The House of Flame

Loie Fuller's little theatre in the Exposition is an imitation—in staff and electric lights—of just such a whirling skirt as she wears in her "luminous dance." When you see it at night, there among the trees of the Rue de Paris, it looks like a house forged by some new process out of flame. It is very pretty and very bright, and Miss Fuller thought she had done her duty by Paris and the Exposition; she had no intention of illuminating her quiet home in the Rue Cortambert in Passy. But dancers propose and maid-servants dispose. She was sitting in her drawing-room the other evening when she heard frightened cries of "Daisy! Daisy!"—for that is Miss Fuller's name when she is herself—from the floor above.

She ran upstairs and found that the curtains and hangings in her mother's room had taken fire from an exposed gas jet. The maid-servant, with her hair aflame, ran past her screaming. Mrs. Fuller, who has been paralyzed for many years, lay in the bed unable to move; the bed-curtains were already blazing when her daughter reached her. Miss Fuller carried her from the room just in time. Very shortly help came—the coachman, Mr. Duchemin, Miss Fuller's secretary, Miss Smithson of her company, the cook and her policeman. The room was wrecked with fire and water; both Miss Smithson and Miss Fuller were burned on the hands and arms; the maid-servant lost her hair; and the coachman, by some strange fatality, was burned in the back.

And when it was all over Loie Fuller went to her theatre and danced the fire dance.

The Joke Nat Goodwin Shot Off

Nat Goodwin has the apparatus of a joke that cost him one hundred dollars; he bought it in the Swiss section of the Invalides and is going to take it back to America with him, for fortunately—that is, for Mr. Goodwin, if not for his friends—it can be used again and again; indeed it is warranted for five years. To whom it may concern, warning. Among the Swiss clocks was one whence every hour a little wooden soldier emerged and fired a gun—for two o'clock two, for three o'clock three, and so on.

"I'm going to buy that," said Mr. Goodwin to his wife, Maxine Elliott.

"That silly thing. Why?"

"Oh, just to kill time," Mr. Goodwin replied lightly.

And if the joke doesn't wear out before the clock does, he may get the worth of his money.

—*Vance Thompson.*

The Saturday Evening Post

Among the many new and attractive features announced for early publication are:

American Diplomacy and Diplomatists

EVENTS almost too recent to be called history have done much to discredit the old idea that American Diplomacy was a failure. Americans are just beginning to realize that we have built up a new diplomacy of our own and that our diplomatists compare favorably with the most brilliant Ministers of the Old World. Hon. John W. Foster, who has a world-wide reputation, has written for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST three important papers discussing the development and the triumphs of American Diplomacy.

By HON. JOHN W. FOSTER

Tales of the Grand Duke's Opera Company

THESE novel stories, by Mr. William Armstrong, take the reader behind the scenes of the grand opera and bring him face to face with Tannhäuser, Elizabeth, Marguerite, Lohengrin and Carmen—when they are without "make-up" and are enacting only the little comedies or tragedies of their own lives.

The Romance of a Baritone
A Lyric Diana
Eugenie Tauben: Dramatic Soprano

Next Week's Issue of the Magazine (Double Number) will be

The College Man's Number

Its contents will be of especial interest to university men and to their friends—indeed, to all students, past and present. Among its attractive features will be:

The Ghost of Lovers' Lane, . . *By Jesse Lynch Williams*
A Story of Pranks at Princeton.

The Diary of a Harvard Freshman, *By Charles Macomb Flandrau*
The First of a Series of Witty College Papers.

Furnishing a College Room, . *By Herbert Copeland*
Some Practical Hints from a College Man.

Her Fiancé, ... *By Josephine Dodge Daskam*
A Smith College Story, by a Smith Graduate.

Mother Sims, ... *By Robert Herrick*
A Story of Life at Chicago University.

The Saturday Evening Post will be sent for one year (fifty-two issues) on receipt of the new (reduced) subscription price, $1.00

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A Study of Character and Artistic Effect

Always to be admired as a handsome addition to a Parlor, Hall or Room

By arrangement with THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and reproduced under personal supervision of the artist, Mr. W. L. Taylor, we offer one of our famous **"Beacon Hill Print"** reproductions, 45 times larger than cut, including descriptive key, by mail, prepaid. Price, $3.00.

The group includes the following prominent Puritans:

Elder Wm. Brewster. — John Alden.
Gov. Wm. Bradford. — Capt. Miles Standish.
Massasoit, Chief of the Wampanoags.
Dr. Samuel Fuller. — Priscilla Mullins.
Edward Winslow. — Richard Warren.
Indians of Massasoit's Tribe.
Stephen Hopkins. — Francis Cooke.
Isaac Allerton. — Mary Chilton.

Send four cents for our complete catalogue of "Beacon Hill Prints."

CELEBRITY PHOTO AND ART CO.
256 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

"QUICK" Buggy and Wagon Jack

Saves time in Carriage Barn and Wagon Shed, also in lifting heavy articles in the house. **Simple, Strong, Durable.** So compact that it can be carried in any vehicle, yet is a **Giant in Strength.** Malleable Iron and Hardwood, neatly finished. Quality warranted, price reasonable. Live agents are making big money. **Free Samples.** Easy terms. Send for free illustrated catalogue.
QUICK MFG. CO., Dept. 91, GALIEN, MICH.

DON'T LEAVE YOUR KEYS

In the front door. Fasten them to the pocket or waist-band with a key chain secured by the **Improved Washburne Patent Fastener.** Slips on easily, grips like grim death, don't tear the fabric, released instantly. By mail, 25 cents. *Catalogue of other novelties free.*

AMERICAN RING CO.
Box 93, Waterbury, Conn.

Zon-o-phone

SUBSTITUTED FOR OUR GRAM-O-PHONE

SO MUCH SUPERIOR that we have abandoned our Gram-o-phone, including its name. The **Zon-o-phone** is the only legitimate disc (flat record) talking machine: protected by the allied patents of American Graphophone Co., Columbia Phonograph Co., National Gram-o-phone Corporation, Universal Talking Machine Co.

WARNING.—Parties who have recently attempted to trade in the Gram-o-phone, and reap the advantage of our prestige, have been enjoined. All others are warned as to the purchase and sale of machines bearing that name.

The **Zon-o-phone** records, by a newly discovered process, are incomparably superior to our Gram-o-phone records. **Zon-o-phones** and records for sale everywhere. Send for Catalogue.

NATIONAL GRAM-O-PHONE CORPORATION, 874 Broadway, New York
BRANCHES: CHICAGO, 161 State. BOSTON, 178 Tremont. PHILADELPHIA, 13 North 9th. SAN FRANCISCO, Sherman Clay & Co.